VOGUE



VOGUE IS PUBLISHED TWICE A MONTH

HOLIDAY • TRAVEL • RESORT FASHIONS

DECEMBER 15, 1934
PRICE 35 CENTS

For a lovely lady's Christmas



The lovely ladies who look so longingly at Dorothy Gray's Christmas array remind one of little girls in candy stores. They see these delectable things . . . want them all . . . and then sigh for fear they won't get even one for Christmas.



So why don't you play Santa Claus? Not a too-serious Santa. But that gay, understanding fellow we used to know. Look at these enchanting gifts, wrapped and beribboned in the cleverest fashion. Could any other gifts represent you quite so graciously? Above is Dorothy Gray's *Guest Powder Box* with five fluffy puffs, cunning urn knob. $3.50



New *Bath Essence* . . . pine scent . . . in a fascinating long-necked bottle. $2. Or the *Bath Set* . . . with Bath Essence, Bath Soap, and Dusting Powder. $4. Gift box of *Bath Dusting Powder* and *Bath Soap.* $2.25

Dorothy Gray designed this *Pullman Case* especially for smart travelers. Hangs up



in your berth! Soft zipper case of lizard, special glass jars and spill-proof bottles, complete with Facial and Make-up preparations. $18.50



Your friends will adore having a full-size box of famous *Salon Face Powder.* $3



A charming *Week-end Case* full of Dorothy Gray Facial preparations. $5



Looks like a little French hat-box . . . this complete *Manicure Case,* in bright red or blue patent, or black lizard. Contains two shades of the new Polish, Remover, Hand Cream, Cream for Brittle Nails, orange-stick, emery, scissors. $5



De luxe *Traveling Case* of lizard, with fourteen heavenly Facial and Make-up preparations. $22.50



Two much admired sets: *Rouge Compact* and matching *Lipstick* in blue enamel and copper cases, $2 . . . and the *Double Compact* and swivel *Lipstick* in nickel and blue, $4

Dorothy Gray preparations are sold at all leading cosmetic counters. Dorothy Gray, 683 Fifth Ave., New York. © 1934, Dorothy Gray

Dorothy Gray

Salons in New York,
Los Angeles, Denver, Atlanta, Washington,
Milwaukee, Paris, Brussels, Amsterdam



NOAH WEBSTER *thought that* COLDS *were caused by* COMETS



Master scholar, compiler of the great dictionary, Webster was among the first to inquire into the baffling causes of that private and public menace—the common cold.

His conclusion that colds were due to the fearful plunge of meteors through the sky was far from the truth, but no less distant than that of other savants who assigned colds to the bite of bedbugs, and to "sitting in cold, damp churches." (Dr. Thomas Haynes, 1789.)

For centuries, hundreds of absurd theories as to the cause of colds were advanced only to be sharply exploded. But now one has been presented that Science has generally accepted. This is the filtrable virus theory.

Research men say the bacteria of this virus are so small the microscope cannot see them, so tiny they cannot be trapped by the most selective filters. Only by their harmful effect on the human body can their existence be established. With such a virus, scientists have repeatedly inoculated others with one person's cold.

At the first sign of a cold

Granting that colds are due to a virus that enters the mouth, nose, and throat, is it not a wise precautionary measure to use a good antiseptic to fight such bacteria? Is it not wisdom to keep the oral cavity clean and healthy? Noted physicians tell us that it is. Millions of people find that it is.

Numerous tests have shown that regular users of Listerine did not catch as many colds as non-users nor were their colds so severe. Moreover, countless letters this company has received testify to Listerine's remarkable ability to check colds, and to the almost immediate relief it gives in cases of ordinary sore throat.

The moment Listerine enters the mouth, it dislodges germ-bearing debris and kills literally millions of germs on mouth and throat surfaces. Yet it is absolutely safe—does not irritate delicate membranes. That is a point of utmost importance in an antiseptic. Excessive strength in a mouthwash may prove to be a danger instead of a protection.

If you spend most of your time indoors, start using Listerine every morning and every night. Figures show that indoor people catch four times as many colds as outdoor workers.

We will send free and postpaid a scientific treatise on the germicidal action of Listerine; also, a Booklet on Listerine uses. Write Lambert Pharmacal Company, Dept. VM-12, St. Louis, Missouri.



LISTERINE *fights Colds and Sore Throat*



INTERIOR BY KITTINGER COMPANY

PEERESS PERCALE SHEETS BY PEPPERELL

Peeress Percale

BY PEPPERELL

The renaissance of gracious living and perfect appointments is epitomized in Pepperell Peeress. Here is a percale sheet at its loveliest—soft, smooth and exquisitely fine. In weaving Peeress the balance is so perfect that equal strength is given the length and the width, hence its great wearing record. And this beautiful sheet is not expensive. You will find the new Pepperell True Size label on all the popular lengths of Peeress. This means that the sheet has been measured after hemming, not before. Peeress may be had in classic white and many of the new delicate pastel shades. There are several hem variations, including deep plain ones, colored ones, embroidered scalloped edges and fine hemstitching in one, two, three and four rows. Peeress is now being shown at many of the leading shops throughout the country, beautifully packaged in an Empire Toile box.

PEPPERELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 160 STATE STREET, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

VOGUE
December 15th, 1934

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Whole No. 1498



I. MAGNIN & CO

Metropolitan Shops

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LOS ANGELES
PASADENA
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OAKLAND
SEATTLE

Resort Shops

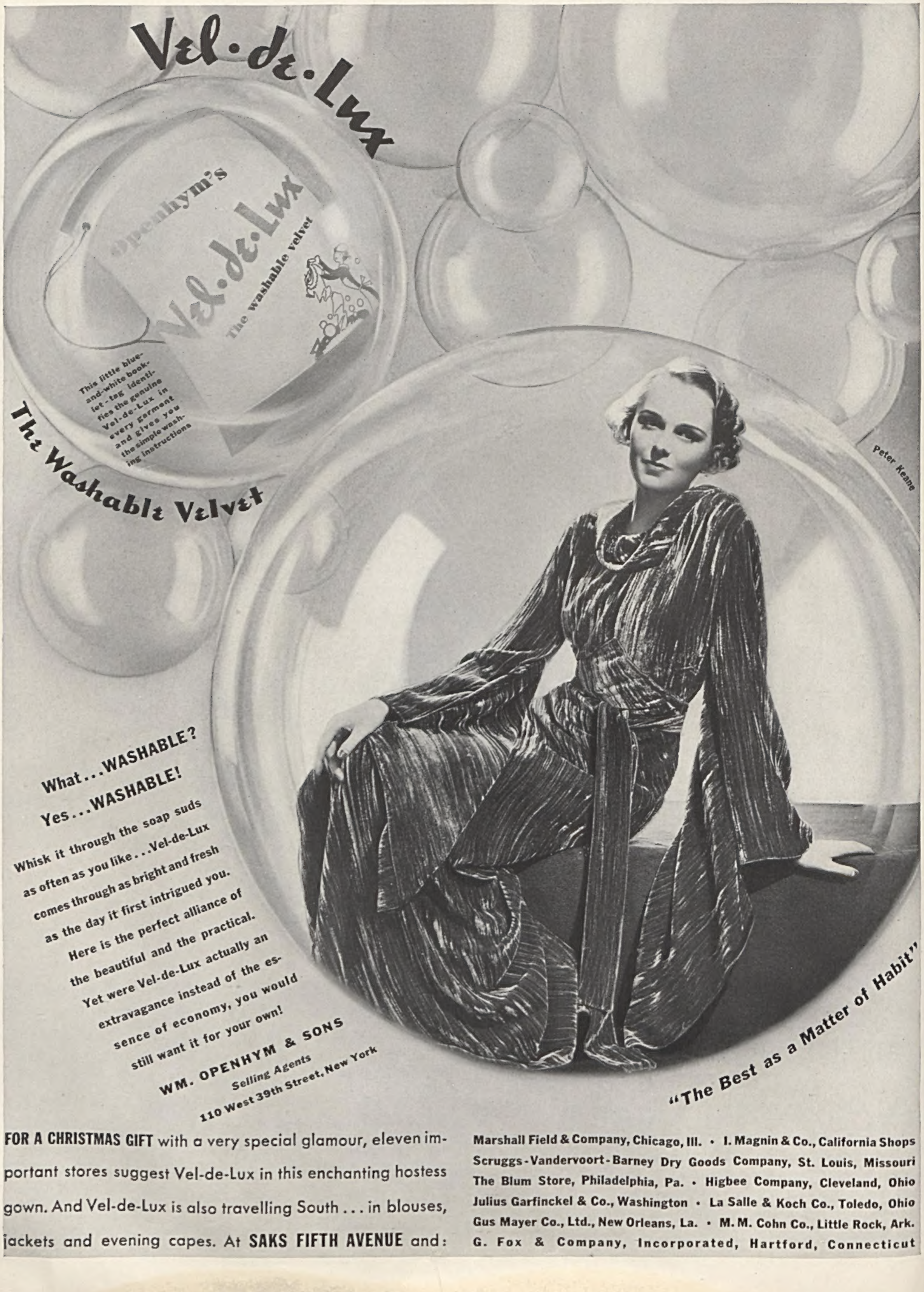
PALM SPRINGS
CORONADO
PASADENA
DEL MONTE
MONTECITO

when the winter interlude brings you WESTWARD

–you will find a welcome and a service awaiting you in the hospitality and unique efficiency of I. Magnin & Co. shops – Pacific coast establishments which enjoy international prestige among connoisseurs of fashion

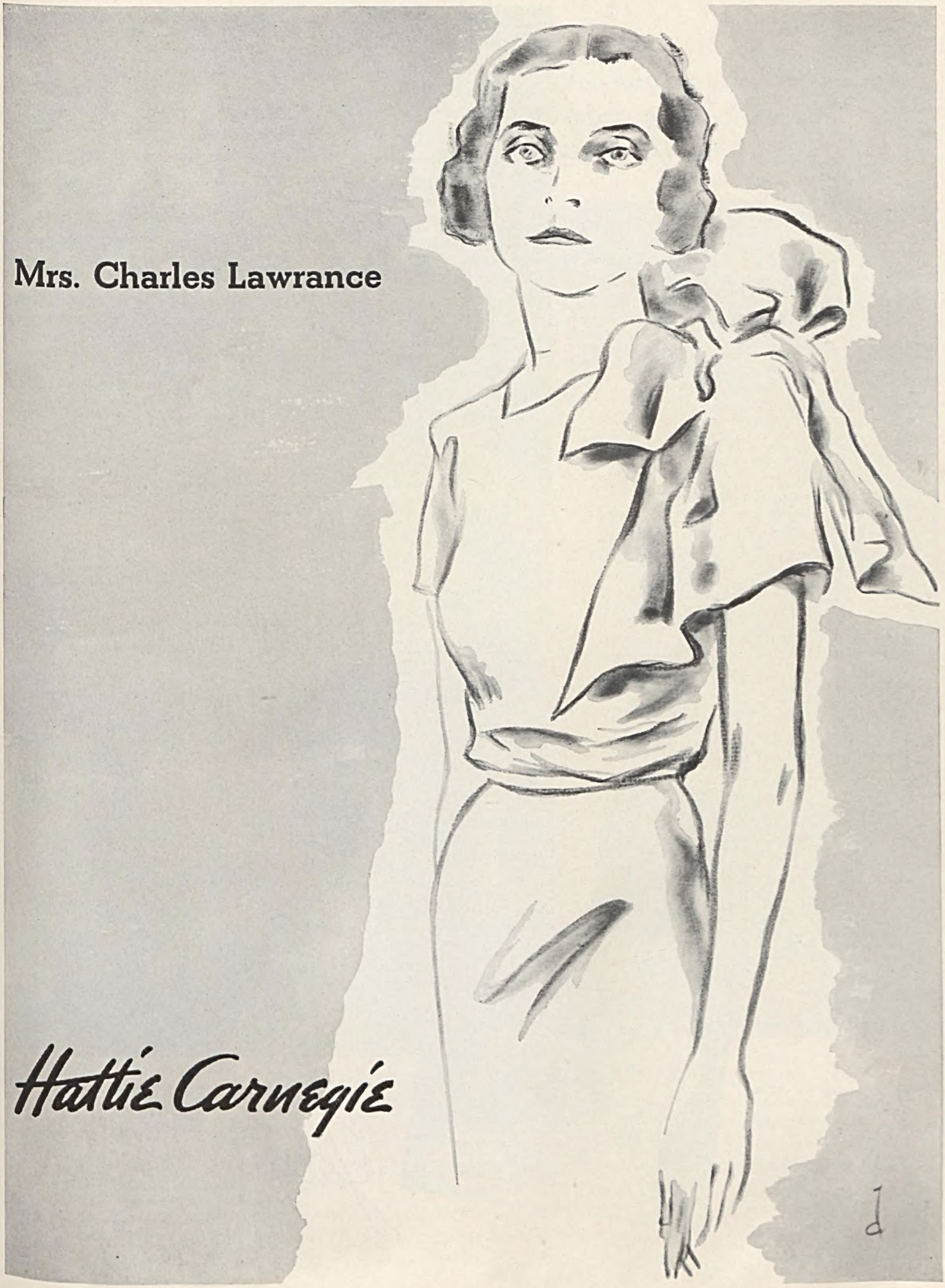
–seven metropolitan shops and seven resort shops, from Seattle to Palm Springs, are devoted to intensive specialization in clothes for the feminine world – and, as each shop concentrates on fashions suitable to its particular locality, the choice of a successful wardrobe for your holiday, may be wisely delayed until your arrival

CLOTHES FOR ALL FORMAL, INFORMAL, RESORT AND SPORTS OCCASIONS
whether in town, at the beaches, in the high-snows or on the desert sands, with every reasonable expenditure, from casual to luxurious, nicely anticipated



FOR A CHRISTMAS GIFT with a very special glamour, eleven important stores suggest Vel-de-Lux in this enchanting hostess gown. And Vel-de-Lux is also travelling South . . . in blouses, jackets and evening capes. At **SAKS FIFTH AVENUE** and:

Marshall Field & Company, Chicago, Ill. • I. Magnin & Co., California Shops
Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney Dry Goods Company, St. Louis, Missouri
The Blum Store, Philadelphia, Pa. • Higbee Company, Cleveland, Ohio
Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington • La Salle & Koch Co., Toledo, Ohio
Gus Mayer Co., Ltd., New Orleans, La. • M. M. Cohn Co., Little Rock, Ark.
G. Fox & Company, Incorporated, Hartford, Connecticut


Mrs. Charles Lawrance
Hattie Carnegie

Seen at the Plaza



The Persian Room

JACQUELINE SHOES

. . . expensively fashioned for the woman who thought she had to buy higher priced shoes to secure loveliness in footwear.

When the soft lights of evening unfold their glamour, and the cares of the day vanish into smooth rhythms, then the luxury of Jacqueline Evening Slippers achieves its proper setting.

• For the brilliant styling, the suave distinction of Jacqueline Evening Modes, there can be but one word—*elegance!* . . .

• So dine, dance, and live your happy night hours in Jacqueline Evening Slippers. They combine the evening slipper of your dreams with the reality of your budget.

$6 and $6.50 EVERYWHERE

• U. S. Patents applied for on many Jacqueline pattern designs . . . thus assuring you style exclusiveness.



CLASSIC BEAUTY
..in a sandal of black satin with silver kid, or white satin with gold.

GLAMOUR..in silver kid with gold and silver braided straps, or gold kid with silver straps.

Jacqueline

SHOES

WOHL SHOE COMPANY
SAINT LOUIS

Carolyn

STARTS YOU ROUND-THE-YEAR IN COATS OF *Lustratone* BY MADISON 29.75



genuine *Lustratone*

Carolyn Garments are sold exclusively by

Wm. H. Block & Co., Indianapolis; **Mabley & Carew Co.,** Cincinnati; **Foley Bros.,** Houston; **The Hecht Co.,** Washington; **Best's,** Seattle; **The Fashion,** Columbus; **Burger-Phillips,** Birmingham; **Hale Bros.,** San Francisco; **Schleisner Co.,** Baltimore; **Auerbach's,** Salt Lake City; **John A. Brown Co.,** Oklahoma City; **Brown Dunkin,** Tulsa; **Popular Dry Goods Co.,** El Paso; **and by one store in each of 62 other cities**

■ Regard this newest discovery of Carolyn! It's a new woolen called Lustratone brought straight from the looms of Madison to fill a year-round need in your wardrobe. For who doesn't need a coat like this? Soft, light, and yet so comfortingly warm. We can just picture you in these new water color tints, livelier for the lustrous finish of the cloth Perfect if you're cruising in search of the springtime sun. Perfect for the milder winter days at home. Perfect for the Spring days ahead. In a word . . perfect. In two words . . . Carolyn Modes.

FOR THE NAME OF THE STORE IN YOUR CITY THAT CARRIES THEM WRITE TO NATIONAL MODES, INC., 128 WEST 31st STREET, NEW YORK CITY

The British

CUNARD



BELLBOYS, *too, typify a kind of attention travellers expect of Cunard White Star. Such service is traditional. Deeply ingrained in those who practice it. It is not uncommon to find two and even three generations in Cunard White Star employ.*

GEORGIC

West Indies, South America

Carib Seas beckon you southward to vacation days in the modern Georgic . . . to Venezuela, Curacao, Colombia, Panama and the Bahamas. Christmas and New Year's Cruise, 13 days, from New York Dec. 19, $155 up. Later cruises: Feb. 14 or March 2, 14 days, $167.50 up. Also two cruises to Kingston, Colon and Nassau, 11 days, from New York March 19 or April 2, $132.50 up.

• • •

Short cruises: New Year's, Lincoln's Birthday, Easter; to Nassau or Bermuda.

FRANCONIA

Around-the-World

139 days of rich, zestful experiences! Here is a unique itinerary . . . the Franconia's route includes not only the islands of the South Seas, but the Dutch East Indies, Malaysia, East and South Africa and South America. 33 ports . . . many not visited by any other Around-the-World Cruise . . . 37,070 miles. From New York January 12, from Los Angeles January 26. Rates, including shore excursions, are as low as $1750; $125 less from Los Angeles.

Exclusive Management of

CUNARD WHITE STAR

In Cooperation With

THOS. COOK & SON

tradition distinguishes

WHITE STAR

sunshine Cruises



Cruising Cunard White Star is like moving in another world . . . a world full of pleasures no small part of which originates in your sense of a trained personnel with long-established traditions to maintain. Now to that tradition and all that Cunard White Star implies have been joined the skill and resources of three other great names in travel . . . to produce this outstanding program of winter vacations. You may choose among 28 different cruises . . . leave as early as December or as late as April . . . stay away from 3 to 139 days . . . spend from $45 to $1750. This winter make *your* vacation one of these Sunshine Cruises. For detailed information consult your local travel agent or any one of the participating companies: Thos. Cook & Son—Wagons-Lits Inc.; Raymond-Whitcomb, Inc.; James Boring Company, Inc.; Cunard White Star Limited.

AQUITANIA

Mediterranean, Egypt, Holy Land

The queenly 45,000 ton Aquitania, one of the world's largest liners, steps up the number of your vacation delights as you glide pleasantly from winter to the vivid world of the Mediterranean. What a brilliant itinerary these two cruises offer! Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Barcelona, Villefranche, Haifa, Port Said, Rhodes, Istanbul, Athens, Catania, Naples. From New York January 31 or March 9 . . . 35 days . . . Rates, First Class, are $520 up; Tourist, $280 up.

In Cooperation With

RAYMOND-WHITCOMB

BRITANNIC

West Indies, South America

Here's a full, well-rounded picture of the Caribbean! St. Thomas, St. Pierre, Fort de France, Saint Lucia, Brighton, Port of Spain, Grenada, La Guaira, Curacao, Colon, Kingston, Port-au-Prince and Nassau . . . 13 ports . . . 7000 miles. Three 18-day cruises . . . sail from New York February 1, 26 or March 19 ...$210 up. Also a special Washington's Birthday Cruise to Bermuda . . . from New York February 21, back February 25 in time for business . . . $45 up.

In Cooperation With

RAYMOND-WHITCOMB

SAMARIA

Mediterranean, Aegean, Adriatic

The stamp of the unusual distinguishes this itinerary . . . Grecian Islands never before visited by any American cruise . . . 4 ports in North Africa, including Philipville, gateway to the Sahara . . . 3 ports in Spain . . . Crusaders' Islands . . . plus better known features of the Mediterranean . . . even a week in Egypt . . . in all, 30 ports in 22 countries and islands. From New York Feb. 2 . . . 60 days . . . all First Class . . . stop-over privilege with First Class return by express liner . . . $525 up.

In Cooperation With

JAMES BORING

CARINTHIA

Sails Weekly to Nassau

Not one cruise, but a whole series of 6-day cruises to the "winter haven of two continents"! The famous world-cruising Carinthia will leave New York every Saturday between January 26 and April 13. Cruise rates are $70 up. Regular passenger fare rates are $65 one-way; $85 round-trip with prolonged stop-over privileges. The Carinthia will also make a special Easter Cruise to Bermuda and Nassau . . . 8 days . . . from New York April 20 . . . $90 up.

Exclusive Management of

CUNARD WHITE STAR



4 Cruises to the

MEDITERRANEAN

HOLY LAND . . . . EGYPT

JAN. 26 . . ROMA . . The Mediterranean *plus* the Adriatic on "Italy's palaceship"! 40 Days, 16 Calls. $485 up First Class, $275 up Tourist.

FEB. 13 . . Conte di SAVOIA . . (only gyro-stabilized liner)

FEB.27 . . REX . . (Fastest liner afloat) IDENTICAL CRUISES on Italy's premier liners! The whole Mediterranean in less than a month! 29 Days, 12 Calls. $560 up First Class, $330 up Special Class, $285 up Tourist.

MAR. 27 . . SATURNIA . . Famous Cosulich liner offering a six weeks itinerary! 42 Days, 19 Calls. $485 up First Class, $275 up Tourist.

2 Cruises to the

WEST INDIES

DEC. 22 . . VULCANIA . . Christmas Cruise. To KINGSTON, Jamaica, CRISTOBAL, Panama Canal, HAVANA and Nassau. 13 Days, $155 up.

FEB. 9 . . SATURNIA . . To KINGSTON, Jamaica, HAVANA and NASSAU. 10 Days, $122.50 up.

Regular Sailings to **ALL EUROPE**

For illustrated literature and information apply local agent or, New York: 1 State St.; Philadelphia: 1601 Walnut St.; Boston: 86 Arlington St.; Cleveland: 944 Arcade, Union Trust Bldg.; Chicago: 333 N. Michigan Ave.; San Francisco: 386 Post St.; New Orleans: 1806 American Bank Building; Montreal: Architects Bldg., 1133 Beaver Hall Hill; Toronto: 159 Day St.

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Cruise

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SUN-SHIPS

Get away from Winter this year! Rest, cruise and play in sunshine . . . on the ships *built* for Lido Deck life in southern waters! Here's your choice of cruises, short or long . . . in the brilliant Italian Line manner . . . at economical rates!

travelog

SNOW IN CALIFORNIA

Everybody thinks of California as the place to get away from winter, but in Yosemite National Park, you can meet the Old Man head on with all his trimmings. On Christmas Eve, there's a Yule Log Ceremony at The Ahwahnee Hotel, with Santa arriving by sleigh to distribute presents to the young and starry-eyed. Christmas Night sees the annual Bracebridge Dinner and Christmas Ball, on the Washington Irving pattern. And the next three hectic days are taken up with the Sixth Annual Pacific Coast Intercollegiate Winter Games for the President Hoover Cup—ski races, hockey games, and skating. Christmas, in short, decidedly in the Grand Old Manner.

ARIZONA

Castle Hot Springs

Castle Hot Springs. Distinctive winter resort. Sunshine. No dust. Excellent horseback riding. Good swimming. Sun bathing. Tennis. Golf. Amer. Plan.

Chandler

San Marcos. Bungalows. Finest climate. Best clientele, unexcelled cuisine, golf, riding. 20 miles from Phoenix. Moderate rates, American Plan.

Litchfield Park

The Wigwam. Distinguished Inn & attractive bungalows in glorious desert setting near Phoenix. Golf, ride, relax. Rates from $8. Amer. Plan. Bklt.

Tucson

Arizona Inn. Arizona's foremost Resort Hotel. Exclusive clientele. Charming Garden Homes. Every room has bath and sunporch. Bklt. L. R. Howard, Mgr.

Pioneer Hotel. Southern Arizona's finest. 250 rooms, each with bath. European. Coffee Shop. Dining Room. Roof Garden. Sun Deck. Sensible Rates.

CALIFORNIA

Arrowhead Springs

Arrowhead Springs Hotel. All sports. Reasonable rates. New health rewards your visit in this restful, charming, modern Spa.

Palm Springs

El Mirador Hotel. America's foremost desert resort. Unexcelled cuisine. Golf, tennis, riding, outdoor swimming pool. Discriminating clientele.

Santa Barbara

Santa Barbara Biltmore. Outstanding resort & hotel. All sports. Incomparable scenery. On seashore, sheltered by mountains. American Plan, $9.00 up.

Yosemite National Park

The Ahwahnee. No California visit is complete without Yosemite—and the colorful Ahwahnee. Open all year. American Plan. $10 to $12.

COLORADO

Colorado Springs

The Broadmoor. At the foot of Pike's Peak. The aristocrat of Resort Hotels. Fireproof. Open all year. Golf, swimming, skeet, polo, horseback, skiing.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington

Annapolis Hotel. 400 outside rooms. 400 baths. Close to shopping district and Government Bldgs. From $2.50 single; $4. double. H. H. Cummings, Mgr.

The Raleigh Hotel. New management. Across Pennsylvania Ave. from new Government Buildings. All rooms with tub & shower. $3. one, $5.-$8. two, E. P.

The Willard Hotel. Washington bound? Be a stone's throw from everywhere to go. $4. one, $6. two up.

GEORGIA

Atlanta

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FLORIDA

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FLORIDA (Cont.)

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The Columbus. "Miami's Finest Bay Front Hotel". Overlooking City Park and Biscayne Bay. Roof Dining-room. Accommodates 500. European Plan.

The Dallas Park. Fire-proof. Overlooking Biscayne Bay. Desirable apartments, attractive hotel rooms. Nude sun bathing cabañas atop 11th floor roof.

The McAllister. Facing beautiful Bayfront Park and Biscayne Bay. 550 rooms with bath. Rates begin at $3.00. Leonard K. Thomson, Mgr.

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Vinoy Park Hotel. Opens December 17. On glorious Tampa Bay. Sun-bathing . . . Every recreational feature. Booklet. Clement Kennedy, Managing Director.

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Kenilworth Lodge. With own championship golf course, 6406 yards, at the door. Pure soft water. Steam heat, sprinkler system, elevator, etc. Booklet.

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Seminole Hotel. Offers the discriminating a winter home of true quality and comfort at attractive prices. Superb location. Splendid golf. Booklet.

Virginia Inn. On Lake Osceola. Golf, fishing, boating. Excellent table and service. Automatic sprinklers. Elevator. American Plan. Attractive rates.

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NEW HAMPSHIRE

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Peckett's Ski-ing School on Sugar Hill. Ski-ing Center of the White Mountains. Arlberg Technique. European Trainers. Booklet.

NEW YORK

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De Witt Clinton. A Knott hotel. New, well appointed. Faces Capitol Park. Splendid meals; attentive service. Come, we'll make you happy.

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A. W. A. Clubhouse. 353 W. 57th St. 27-story women's clubhouse. Smart lounges, library, pool, gyms, restaurants. Open to Non-Members. Booklet V915.

Hotel Barclay. 111 E. 48th St. Delightful Colonial atmosphere. Near the smart shops, theatres, uptown business district, and Grand Central Station.

Hotel Parkside. 20th St. and Irving Place. In convenient Gramercy Park. Solariums, roof terraces, excellent restaurant. $2 per day—$10 per week.

NORTH CAROLINA

Tryon

Oak Hall Hotel and Lake Lanier. In famed Thermal Belt of Blue Ridge Mountains. Matchless winter climate. Hunting, riding, golf, etc. Modern.

SOUTH CAROLINA

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Ocean Forest Country Club. Invites you to one of the South's best golf courses. Grass greens & tees. Excellent cuisine. Winter climate ideal.

Summerville

The Carolina Inn. Luxurious rest or recreation among the pines and flowers. Golf, 18 holes, grass greens, riding, quail shooting. Moore & Sons.

BERMUDA

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Princess Hotel. Directly on Hamilton Harbour. Socially discriminating clientele. All recreational features. Symphony and Dance Orchestra. Booklet.

The Golden Key to the WEST INDIES and the CARIBBEAN



THE Great White Fleet *is* the key to the tropics. It opens enchanting doorways...to new shipboard pleasures aboard trim spotless liners that combine smartness with informality . . . and to fascinating ports where you, as guest, will be introduced to the charm of the tropics by expert hosts, afloat and ashore.

All staterooms are located amidships, facing the sea, made unvaryingly comfortable by the latest mechanical ventilation and appointments. Cuisine and service have been famed throughout the tropics for thirty-three years. And among your guest privileges are: permanent outdoor swimming pools . . . deck ballrooms . . . dance orchestras that have caught the ardent rhythms of these sunny lands.

Let the Golden Key open for you these doorways to new delights.

from NEW YORK — A wide selection of cruises of 10 to 20 days—variously to HAVANA, JAMAICA, B. W. I., PANAMA CANAL ZONE, COLOMBIA, S. A., COSTA RICA, GUATEMALA, HONDURAS. Rates vary from $130 to $245 minimum. Sailings Thursdays and Saturdays.

from NEW ORLEANS — Attractive cruises of 8 to 16 days — variously to HAVANA, GUATEMALA, HONDURAS, PANAMA. Minimum rates vary from $90 to $150. Sailings Wednesdays and Saturdays.

No passports required

Similar "Guest Cruises" from Los Angeles Harbor and San Francisco

Also through service from all ports

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On your way to California, you can take a side trip to Mexico City, going in via El Paso and coming out on our West Coast Route via Nogales and Tucson. The fare for this side trip is only $50, starting in December.

SOUTH BY WEST TO CALIFORNIA

SUNSET LIMITED

•

GOLDEN STATE LIMITED



To ride the Sunset Limited, have your ticket routed via New Orleans. For there the Sunset starts its dash across Louisiana, Texas, New Mexico and Southern Arizona to Southern California. The Golden State Limited starts in Chicago and heads southwest to El Paso, following the Sunset Limited into Los Angeles. If your destination is in Northern California, we suggest the Overland Limited, fastest train by hours and hours between Chicago and San Francisco.

No trains to California have finer equipment than these three. You'll like their atmosphere of western hospitality, their quiet, dust-free, air-conditioned cars and the many other travel luxuries for which you pay no extra fare.

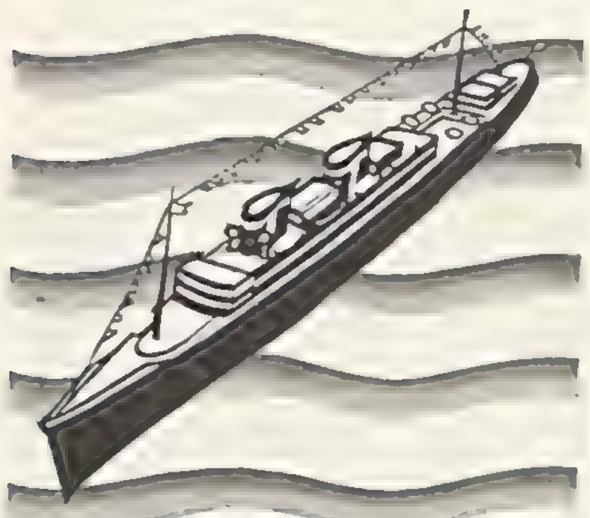
We have the fastest trains to Phoenix, Tucson and Douglas, headquarters for Southern Arizona's guest ranches. We have the only trains directly serving the California desert resorts at Indio and Palm Springs.

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We will offer greatly reduced holiday roundtrips to California, Southern Arizona and other western regions, on sale every day from December 13 to January 1, inclusive. Return limit January 15. For example, $88.75 roundtrip from Chicago to California.

For further details and the booklets—"Guest Ranches", "Southern California Desert Resorts", "Carlsbad Caverns"—write O. P. Bartlett, Dept. T-12, 310 South Michigan Boulevard, Chicago. Offices in other principal cities.

Southern Pacific



CRUISE ON THE LUXURIOUS NEW

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"SANTA LUCIA"

TO SOUTH AMERICA



39 day • all-expense cruise • from $600

SAIL FROM NEW YORK★
JANUARY 19, MARCH 2 OR APRIL 13

ON BOARD, every luxury, including all outside rooms with private baths; largest outdoor tiled swimming pool on any American ship; dining room on promenade deck, open to the sky. See travel agent or

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★New GRACE "Santas" to or from CALIFORNIA connect with the "SANTA LUCIA" at Panama.

GRACE LINE



Traditional

. . . a setting of quiet beauty and friendly charm . . . effortless comfort safeguarded by unfailing interest and alert service . . . a cuisine reflecting the master touch in all details . . . dignity and convenience of address . . .

These Biltmore characteristics enhance the esteem of a discriminating clientele year after year.

Single rooms from $4. Suites from $12.
RIGHT AT GRAND CENTRAL
NO NEED FOR TAXI
NO TRAFFIC DELAY

The BILTMORE
Madison Ave. at 43rd St., New York

Also the COMMODORE in New York
BOWMAN-BILTMORE HOTELS CORPORATION David B. Mulligan, *President*

LUXURY CRUISE TO THE

Mediterranean

EGYPT-PALESTINE



Travel by a FAMOUS SERVICE on the *Luxurious Cruise Ship*

Statendam

The annual visit of the flagship of the Holland-America Line is the event of the year in the Mediterranean. Every detail of the cruise has been carefully planned to assure the utmost comfort, pleasure and relaxation.

The itinerary is one of the finest ever offered and includes Madeira, Gibraltar, Cadiz (*for Seville*), Tangier (*Morocco*), Malaga (*Spain*), Algiers (*North Africa*), Palma de Mallorca, Cannes, Malta, Port Said (*for Cairo*), Haifa (*Holy Land*), Beirut (*Syria*), Rhodes, The Dardanelles, Istanbul, The Bosphorus to the Black Sea, Athens, Ionian Sea, Corfu, Kotor, Ragusa, Venice, Messina, Naples, Monte Carlo, Southampton, Boulogne-sur-Mer, Rotterdam.

FROM NEW YORK
FEB. 7th, 1935
58 days - 25 ports
16 countries

First Class - $625 up
Tourist Class - $340 up

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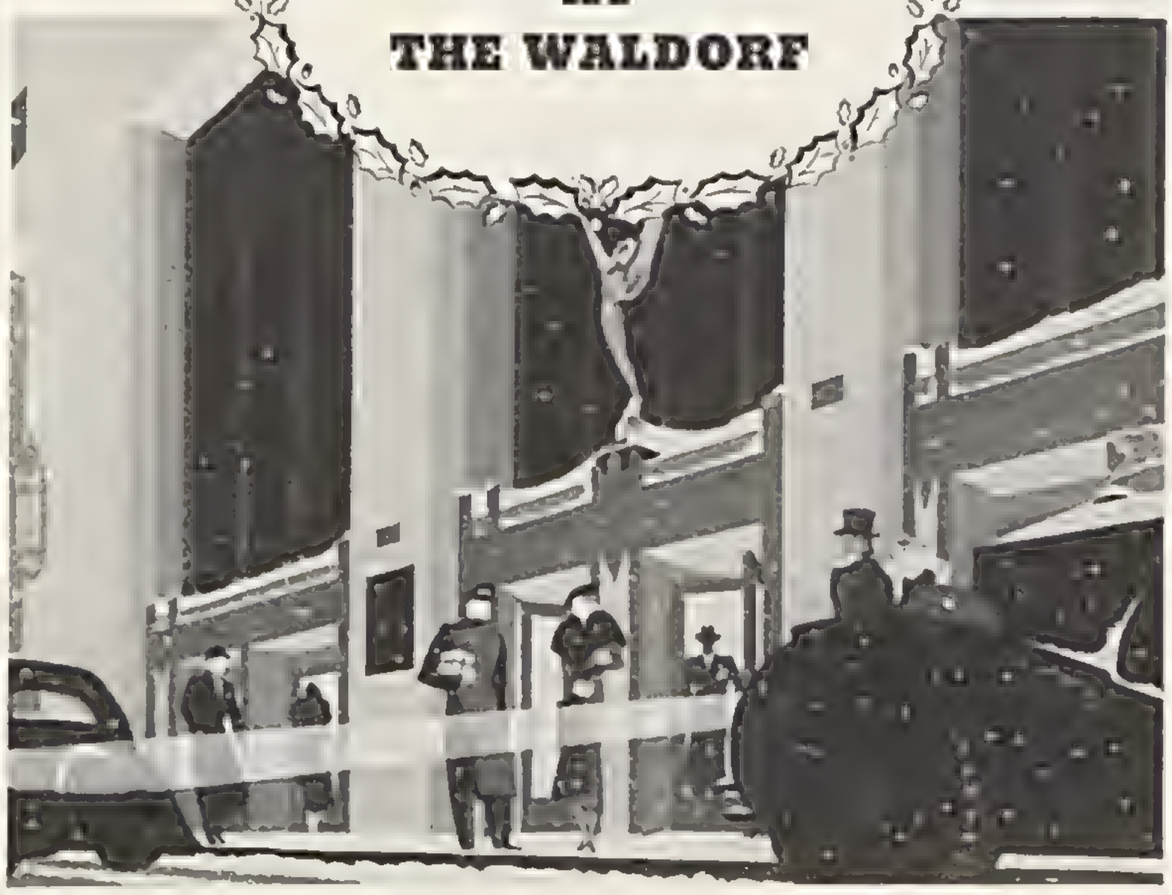
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SCHOOL NEWS

If you are interested in choosing a school now—or later—, these pages will aid you in making your selection. Any of these schools will gladly answer any inquiries you may care to make. But if you have a particular problem, write or call Miss Marian Courtney, Director, Room 1928, Graybar Building, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York City. Our telephone number is MOhawk 4-7500.

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Green Fields, a ranch near Tucson, Arizona, is now offering an unusual school service. Under experienced teachers, a limited number of boys, from eight to fifteen years old, may carry on the regular course of study of their Eastern schools . . . and at the same time have the benefit of the splendid climate and the hardy out-of-door ranch life. The boys live in the new ranch house in a completely home-like atmosphere. However, since classes are conducted outside and each boy has his own horse, very little time is spent inside.

Ray of Hope

Fashion designers should be servants of the public taste rather than dictators, says the McDowell School of Costume Design located in New York City. . . . And what a rousing cheer this statement should draw from the many long-time sufferers of the vagaries of inspired creators. A new lecture course at the McDowell School is planned to develop in the students a sound judgment of style and a capacity to divine what fashions will appeal to women. Another interesting feature of the course will be the tie-up of fashions with current events. Since styles so signally reflect the spirit of the times, it behooves the fashionist to keep up with the political and social trends of the day.

Choreutiks . . . Eukinetiks

A full curriculum and residence facilities . . . a two-year course with certificate for teachers . . . a special course for professionals . . . this is what the Joss Leeder School of Dance at Dartington Hall, Totnes, in Devonshire, England, is now offering to would-be Terpsichoreans. The course of study includes, besides the necessary training of the body, the awakening and education of plastic imagination and plastic expression (Choreutiks and Eukinetiks). Each year the outstanding students of the school go on tour of Europe and America as the Ballet Joos.

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VOGUE COVERS THE TOWN

• I PROTEST that I can't cover this whole mad town of New York in this short space! But suffice it to say that gay Gotham is in a grand dither.

Here are some of the reasons why it is enjoying itself so hugely and why you should go to certain high spots. To the Netherland Restaurant and Bar, to see the flattering *décor* and listen to Gypsy Markoff and to the orchestra of Alexander Haas . . . to the Marguéry, to appreciate Osso Bucco on Thursdays . . . to El Chico of an evening, to see the new show and watch the Flamenco dancing of Rosarillo . . . to the Blackstone, for a grand inexpensive luncheon including a cocktail plus sympathetic surroundings and nice people . . . to the Russian Art for dinner or supper, to indulge in vodka and zakuska and shashlik, and watch a fascinating show . . . to Tony's Café Trouville to congratulate Tony on his new place . . . to the new Waldorf Bar—if you're a man looking for a club-like haven where ladies never enter—, to enjoy a convivial chat over a drink, to order a favourite dish from the charcoal grill, or to lounge in an easy chair and watch the ticker or play bridge, chess, towie, or backgammon. . . . And so . . . on—and on—and on. "FLANEUR"



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• November 15 saw us starting out on a grand tour of the craftways and shopways of the country, heading South and giving you a taste of some of the things you could find way down under Mason's and Dixon's line. By December 1, we had valiantly pushed our way across the Mississippi and over into the Southwest and Far West. Now we take a final flier into New England and a couple of near-by States.

New England offers a wealth of Christmas ideas (and all-year-round ideas, too) from its small industries —some of them carried on in colonies, some in guilds, and a great many the upgrowth of a craft or manufacture that started generations ago in somebody's kitchen, smithy, or carpentry shed. Here's a brief sketch of a few of the things that you'll find in New England, plus a few of the best places to find them:

Maine

• Kennebunkport, Maine, used to be one of the principal Maine shipping towns—and it was about Kennebunkport that Kenneth Roberts wrote his book *Arundel* (the former name of the port). Mr. Frederic W. Snow, who comes of an old seafaring family, keeps on with the Maine and Arundel traditions by making ship models of the great ships that sailed from Maine—complete in every detail of hull, deck, furniture, and rigging. As these ship models take considerable time and care in the building, Mr. Snow has only a few on hand. But, for an ardent yachtsman who knows a good model when he sees one, no more pleasing gift could be imagined than one of Mr. Snow's masterpieces (about $200 to $300 each)—of a nice size to go on a mantelpiece.

Under the spreading Camden trees, the village smithy stands: the Camden trees being those that grow in the streets of Camden, Maine, and the smithy being the forge of Mr. Ernest S. Rice, who makes hinges, hinge joints, and fireplace fittings. Mr. Rice has been working iron for about fifty years and will make you almost anything that can be made in that medium, according to the best of Early American designs, his own designs, or according to your sketches, if you prefer. He specializes in gates and in railings for stairway, porch, or window.

New Hampshire

• From Walpole, you can get New Hampshire-grown wreaths of balsam (and how sweet they smell!), decorated with pine-cones and red berries. Roping, also decorated with cones, is a Christmassy decoration for mantelpiece or doorway. For about $15, you can get twenty-five yards of roping, six sixteen-inch wreaths, and three four-foot garlands—practically a bower of balsams for your house. Write to Woodward's Original Greens, in Walpole, for that's the place.

At Sugar Hill, Lisbon, is the Hildex Farm, a little home industry that has grown up to extend its influence far and wide. The Dexters, at Hildex Farm, will send you a fine, granulated, dry sugar (about twenty ounces for a dollar) that will make even the best porridge taste still better. Their soft maple sugar (in three-and-a-half-pound pails, for about $2), to spread on waffles or pancakes, is almost too good to be true.

Vermont

• The Vermont Natives Industries, in Bridgewater, make super-blankets and beautiful woollen fabrics in tweeds and homespuns, in colours and mixtures that will make your mouth fairly water. (They'll send you all manner of swatches.) These people also tailor skirts to your own measure, of the fabric you want—for about $5.45, post-paid—and very good-looking swagger sports coats for under $14. They'll make ski costumes, too.

Of course, Saint Johnsbury is the home of one of the sweetest of occupations—the making of maple sugar. And it is at Saint Johnsbury that the Maple Grove Candies are made. The Maple Grovers will send you a gallon of grade A maple syrup, for about $3 (post-paid East of the Mississippi). A very fine idea for Christmas is one of their Old Sap Buckets, full of maple hearts, costing about $1.25; or one of their tiny Log Cabins, packed full-up to the rafters with sugar hearts, about $1.50 for the pound size. These prices also include postage to any point East of the Mississippi.

Massachusetts

• Oscar H. Hambro's Ski Camp, at 17 Carver Street, Boston, is a good place for skiers inveterate or otherwise. It's a grand place, fixed up like an old Norse ski cabin, with glowing fireplace and big easy chairs, where you can swap or hear swapped the big ski stories of a lifetime. Down-stairs is a fascinating array of ski paraphernalia and skis of all types from Norway and Canada, or made by Hambro's master craftsmen at his own little factory (all the workmen there are expert ski runners, themselves). Mr. Hambro even has a Norwegian bootmaker to make you the perfect ski boot. If Father is giving you a course in skiing at Peckett's-on-Sugar-Hill, persuade Brother to fall in line with complete equipment from Hambro's.

No mention could be made of Boston without also mentioning the bean and other gastronomic delights. The S. S. Pierce Company, in Back Bay, Boston, makes a specialty of Boston and also of New England foods. Oven-

the Country

baked beans, and the brown bread to go with them; cranberry sauce (from cranberries grown on the Cape), and Cape Cod blueberries; beach plum jelly; and clam chowder and fish chowder made from old seacoast recipes. Pierce makes up gift boxes of these foods, from about $5 to $10.

Also from Boston town are the delicious chocolates of Henry Wenz; for instance, Peachstone Chocolates. These Peachstones are simply *too* marvellous, and the Pralines Café, another Wenz confection, with a chewy coffee-flavoured centre, run a close second. You can buy them in almost any city; but they are, somehow, associated with Cape Cod, where you'll find them at the Ten Acre Farm, Falmouth.

If you seek the de luxe in gifts, the chances are that you'll find it at the Society of Arts and Crafts, 32 Newbury Street, Boston. Beautiful pieces of jewellery, silver, pewter, furniture, wood-carving, glass, ceramics, and weaving—all done by master craftsmen in this country and in Europe—may be purchased here.

• You'll want to burn a bayberry candle in your window on Christmas, and the Colonial Candle Company, at Hyannis, makes them of real bayberry wax, from bayberries grown on the Cape—they're in solid colour, and hand-dipped. This company puts them up very prettily, a pair of six-inch candles in a nice little red box, with a spray of real bayberry packed with them. Such an arrangement costs as little as about sixty cents a box — a good three-dimensional Christmas card.

• The Toll House, in Whitman, is putting out a grand cook-book, which you might give either to a bride or to a bachelor. Besides recipes, this book includes enough culinary and serving suggestions to make it a household library in itself. It costs about $1.60. Incidentally, the Toll House is a good place to have dinner, when you're around that way.

• The Paul Revere Pottery, which is at Brighton, will make plates, bowls, and mugs with a child's name incised or painted on them; and attractive tiles and tile pictures, for fireplace, wall, and table. Paul Revere Pottery is all made by hand.

• The Wenham Tea House, at the sign of the tabby-cat and the tea-kettle, in Wenham, is the *locus* of the Wenham Exchange. There you can find patchwork, quilting, rugs in old designs, and hand-made baby clothes. Back in history, one of the agricultural products of Wenham was sage. And now the Exchange is fostering a nice little idea—the growing of herbs. You can get pomander balls and potpourri—and to some gardening friend, you might give a box of growing herbs that will, in time, produce many an *omelette à fines herbes*. Another thing worth knowing is that the Wenham Lobster Sandwich originated and makes its home in the Wenham Tea House.

• At Hamilton Hall, an old, old building on Chestnut Street, Salem, you'll find all manner of Salemite and Massachusan gifts—as well as the fabrics from Egypt that this place imports. The Salem serving-spoon, with pineapple decoration, of sterling silver, made by hand, costs about $10.50; trays, old and new, and beautifully decorated, may be had from about $1.75 up to around $25. Brig Leander pins, little hand-made silver models of the actual Brig Leander, one of a large fleet of early Salem sailing ships, are another local idea. You can also get Salem Gibralters and Salem Black Jacks at Hamilton Hall—the candies that were originally made and sold by Mrs. Spencer, who went about town in a little cart.

• The fishing village of Gloucester offers a Gloucester Christmas idea: tenderloin fillets of mackerel. The Frank E. Davis Fish Company, on Central Wharf, there, will send a six-pound pail of them for about $3.25 (delivery free East of Utah). For a late supper after your Christmas dinner, Davis's rich, fresh lobster tastes as if it had been boiled alive in your own kitchen, just a minute ago.

• Pewter is an old Taunton industry, from as far back as 1770, but Lester H. Vaughan has raised this homely art to equal the work of the best silversmiths. You'll find pieces of Vaughan's Pewter in any size, from Paul Revere porringer nut dishes, for about $1.25, up to coffee sets, at around $50.

• Dedham is famous for Dedham Pottery — the pottery that's been made by the Robertson family for generations. It's the only crackle ware in the world made on a hard-fired base, and it is full of bluish, spidery marks like the famous Chinese crackle ware of a few centuries ago. Up until a few years ago, Dedham Pottery was considered too rare for common use—the whole process, from the throwing on of the clay to the cooling, is done by hand, and by a secret known only to the Robertsons. However, the ware is now being produced in sufficient quantity, without any sacrifices of artistry or quality, so that you can have a dozen ten-inch dinner-plates for about as little as $36.

• The attractive Hampshire Bookshop, in Northampton, always has fascinating gifts, from books on all subjects for specialist and amateur, to fine writing-papers that are made in the neighbouring county of Berkshire; odd pitchers; wooden bowls and plates for table-service; metal cooking and serving utensils imported from (Continued on page 16d)



Plaid-in-the-Sun

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VOGUE COVERS THE COUNTRY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16c)

France; unusual maps, and papers and ties for your gift wrappings. The Hampshire Bookshop puts out a holiday catalogue that makes Christmas shopping easy.

One of the chief extra-curricular activities of the girls who go to school in Northampton seems to be the boosting of *per-capita* consumption of that chocolate fudge cake known as brownies. You can get these delicious squares from the Mary Marguerite, 21 State Street, for about fifty cents (including mailing costs), and all tied up with red ribbon. The Mary Marguerite also makes grand plum puddings for about ninety cents a pound—including postage and fancy ribbons.

Rhode Island

• In Providence is one of *the* most delightful toy-shops—the Toy Furniture Shop, full of "Tynietoys." If you are an interior decorator of doll houses, you won't be able to resist these bits of furniture. They're works of art, copied by hand in miniature from the best pieces of each period—from Early American through Spanish, Chippendale, Victorian, to modern. There's even everything for a modern baby doll's nursery. You'll find whole roomfuls of furniture, for about $6.50 up to about $19—and complete houses, with stairway, bathroom, and garden (!) up to about $180. The Toy Shop has beautiful crèches for Christmas time, with three to six figures and a complete background. A nice gift for a child.

Connecticut

• In Old Lyme, a group of artists and craftsmen have banded together under the direction of Roger Griswold, to form the Old Lyme Guild, with headquarters in the Olde Peck Tavern. Although the Guild, as such, is still in its infancy, you'll find beautiful pieces of Windsor furniture, made by the Banning family. A writing chair—a reproduction of an old one—is a perfect love, with one little drawer for writing materials under the large writing arm of the chair, and another under the seat (about $75). Roger Griswold's and Stanley Davis's expert cabinetwork, in desks, mantels, and other pieces, is also found here. Tapestry-weaving looms are being set up in the second storey of the old barn, where Beatrice Hoffman will weave more of the marine tapestries that her husband designs—worked in sea-water blues and greens, with coral and other undersea life depicted on them.

Cephas B. Rogers, in Danbury, is well known all over the country for lighting fixtures of different types and periods. In the factory retail salesroom at Danbury are shown a grand collection of these fixtures for Colonial houses—modern, but after Early American designs: sconces, chandeliers, wall-brackets, charming ship lights for your door-post, with the artistry and charm of old hand-wrought pieces. (Continued on page 90)

THE TALK OF THE RESORT COLONIES! DELMAN HAS GIVEN NEW FASHION IMPORTANCE TO FOOTWEAR...VERITABLE JEWELS...SPARKLING WITH ORIGINALITY AND GAY BRILLIANCY. THE CLASSIC AND THE NOVEL, PATENTED AGAINST STYLE PIRACY, HAVE BEEN EXECUTED BY DELMAN WITH A FINE PERFECTION OF HAND-MADE CRAFTSMANSHIP.

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Huggins, Santa Barbara, Cal.
C. Crawford Hollidge, Boston, Mass.
Neiman-Marcus Co., Dallas, Texas
Harry Perkins, Inc., Seattle, Wash.
Ransohoffs, San Francisco, Cal.
Sax Kay, Detroit, Mich.
Sommer & Kaufmann, San Francisco, Cal.



Happy Ending



by Josephine Gibson

THE happy ending is an old-fashioned idea, says the modern novelist. But that seems to be exactly what is in order this Christmas. The traditional old-fashioned desserts for the holiday feast—plum pudding and mince pie—have been re-discovered. Chief reason for their widespread revival is the ease with which sure success can now be achieved. Heinz plum pudding, made from an old English recipe by chefs who respect tradition, leads the way to a sure and happy ending.

Pie filled deep with Heinz old-fashioned mince meat brings back memories of Grandmother's groaning holiday board. And the reason is easily fathomed. Heinz mince meat includes fresh prime beef, Valencia seeded raisins, rich suet, flawless apples, Grecian case currants, lemon peel and candied citron, mixed and seasoned as was done in the pantries of old New England.

VOGUE

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WRAPPED LIKE A BEDOUIN CHIEF IN A PAIR OF ENVELOPING BURNOOSES, MISS MIRIAM HOPKINS FACES THE SOUTHERN SUN AND HOYNINGEN-HUENÉ'S CAMERA TO POSE FOR THE COVER OF THIS ISSUE. THE BURNOOSES, PERFECT FOR BEACH WEAR, WERE DESIGNED BY TRAVIS BANTON, OF FORSTMANN'S WOOL (ALSO TO BE HAD OF TERRY-CLOTH). FROM SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK AND CHICAGO; NEIMAN-MARCUS, DALLAS; I. MAGNIN, CALIFORNIA

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THERE ARE THREE VOGUES, AMERICAN, FRENCH, AND BRITISH

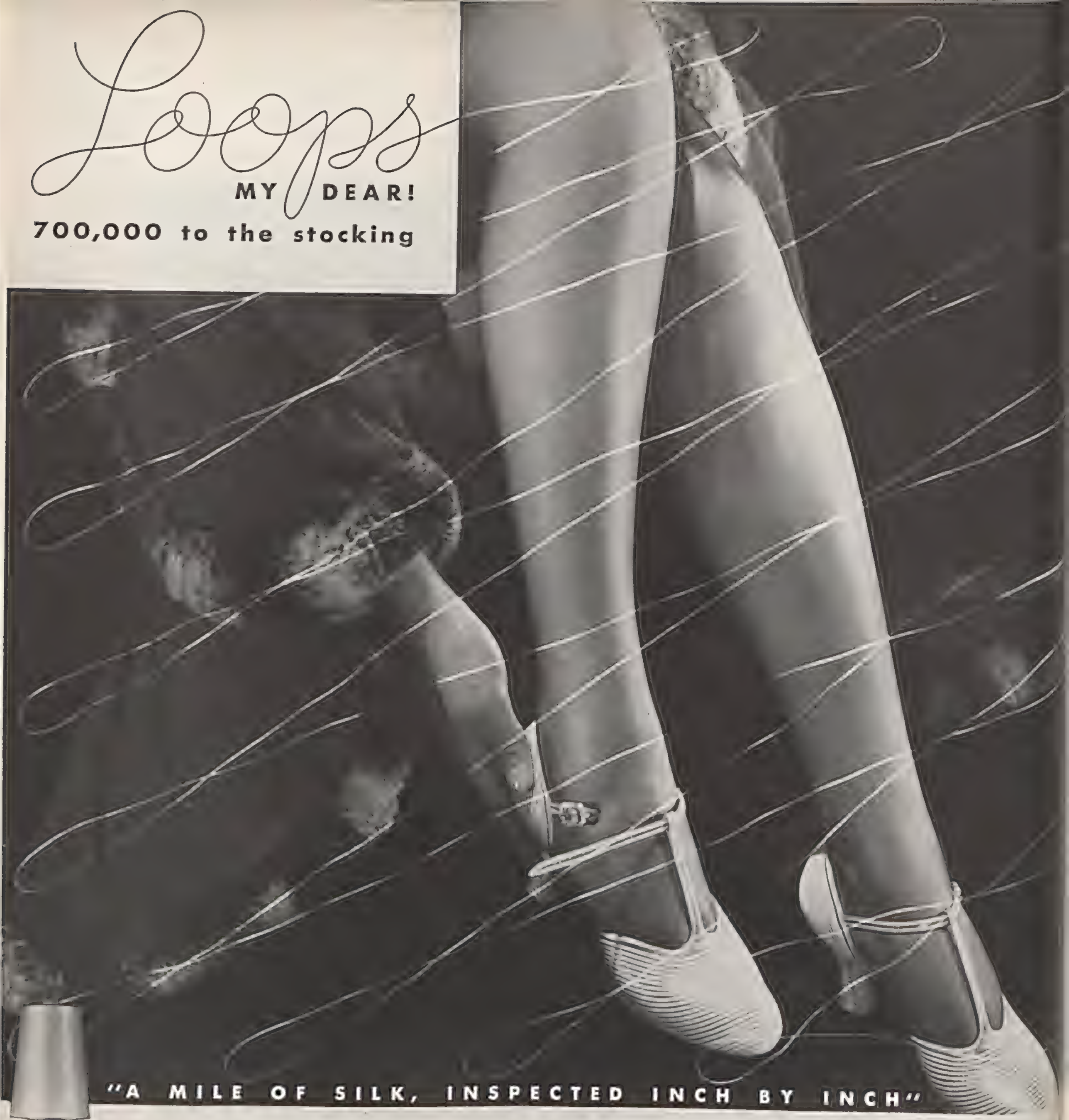
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Loops

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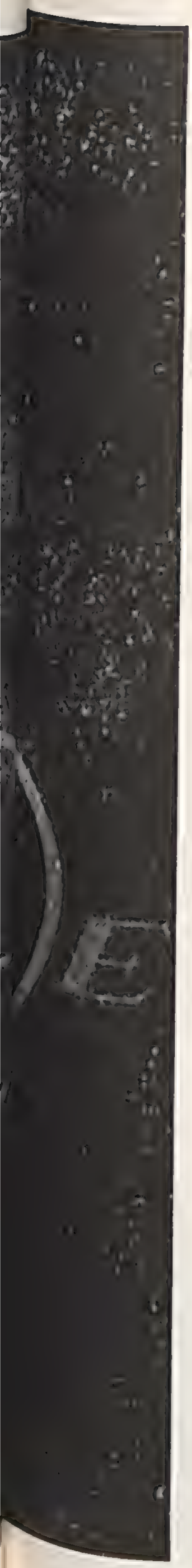


VOGUE'S EYE-VIEW OF CHRISTMAS

ALL right, kickers. Suppose we blot out Christmas. (The way they blotted out God in Russia.) Suppose we make December 25 just like any day. You get up in the morning, you eat breakfast, you shop or work, you lunch, you rest, you shop, you dine, you go to the theatre. No holly. No hemlock smell. No cables from Europe. No cards from old school friends. No plants from new suitors. No glow in children's eyes (the reflection of candles and inner glee). No warm, silly feeling around the heart. No vision of a miracle born two thousand years back. No presents. Just an ordinary day, with its ordinary troubles. How do you like it? You wouldn't mind Christmas, you say, if it weren't so commercialized. What do you care what the outside world does? The outside world can commercialize love. It's up to you to preserve the spirit of things intact. Christmas is something in yourself that you express by giving to others. If, once a year, that's too much trouble—why trouble to live at all?



MRS. CORNELIUS BLISS, JUNIOR, FORMERLY MISS EVELYN DOWS, SQUARES THE COMPASS IN A TWEED SUIT; WANAMAKER



Worldly Wise

BY MAURINE WATKINS

IT WAS MY first ocean voyage. Friends had told me I should lead up to it gently—say, take the two hours' sail from Los Angeles to Catalina some Sunday afternoon, then try the overnight to San Francisco, working up by degrees to Europe itself, cautiously adding a pinch of Asia later, until finally, at the age of seventy or so, I should crown it all with a World Tour.

But I knew myself: two hours to Catalina would indicate merely that I could endure two hours to Catalina and leave me still jumpy about the North Atlantic. Therefore, I determined to take the longest, wateriest jaunt I could find, via one ship, in the belief that if I liked it, I could take on any other. I would, I thought grimly, come back from those forty thousand miles or so of the Southern Hemisphere cruise either dead of ocean-dreading or cured.

Gloomily, I made my will and stepped aboard, surrounded by luggage jammed with glass fruit-jars packed with silk hose (to weather tropic rot); and some four months later, surrounded by Singapore market-baskets, crammed with wood-carving, native matting, and batiks (to weather customs inspection), I gazed on New York harbour and prayed that the Captain would suddenly remember he'd dropped his best kerchief in the lava-tubes at Hilo and order the ship to right-about, so that we could do the whole trip over!

Those magic months—

I wish I could give you the beauty beyond dream in the clouds of New Zealand, streaked African sunsets, sapphire Indian Ocean, and Southern Cross with golden moon over the Tasman Sea; the stimulating jolts to your preconceived notions of native life, from the South Seas, where natives don't think deeply enough to worry about material things, to India, where natives think *too* deeply to worry about material things; and the resultant sharp perspective, forced upon you, of our own civilization; the instinctive response to people of another race and language, but nearer you, perhaps, than those of your own; mystic intimations in strange temples where religion is not preached, but lived; experiences that come from life-under-a-microscope with fellow-travellers likewise bound—all these important things of the trip, all the truths of the trip, you will have to go and find out for yourself.

But there are a few practical facts that I can tell you, mere physical *trivialia*, but things I wish that I had known.

For instance, those glass fruit-jars. Every magazine article said to take plenty of hose, the travel bureau counselled *plenty* of hose, friends who'd lived in the tropics wailed PLENTY of hose; and, with each new injunction, I bought a couple of dozen more.

"And pack them in glass to keep out equatorial damp-rot." I obeyed slavishly, and then was told that lisle was the only thing for such an ordeal. So I bought dozens of lisle stockings secretly expecting to become a centipede—they do say travel changes one!

Result? The hose, by and large, bore up quite as well as at home, those of lisle were barely touched, and one-half the glass jars weren't even opened.

But still, you'd better take plenty of hose. For that heavy warning about travelling light is meant primarily for a dash through Europe, with custom inspection every few hours, high luggage rates, and shops where clothes can be easily and satisfactorily replenished; not for a cruise where the ship is your home, without luggage limitation, through countries of assorted climates, most of which offer small choice in Occidental dress. (Though, if you must do personal buying, there's Honolulu, with United States prices and no duty when you return; and the shops in Sydney, Australia, have importations from London, Paris, New York, and even Hollywood!)



It's a tropical cruise, but you'll want the regulation coat of light-weight fur or cloth and fairly heavy town clothes for approximately a month's wear in the cities of those upside-down countries, where you'll find crisp autumn days in our spring. For the remaining time, a good supply of washable silk and simple cotton dresses for zigzagging over the equator, where it isn't as hot as you'd expect, but still is no Frigidaire. Washable—because the ship probably will not have dry-cleaning facilities (check with your travel agent), and plenty—because laundry service may take ten days or so.

And I'd let these facts govern me, too, in dinner-clothes, remembering that I'd be

dressing every night except Sundays and after a day in port. But many of the gowns would be old —"port-hole" dresses, ready to be tossed away at the last call. I would freshen up a bit by having copies made in Colombo, where excellent work is speedily done in beautiful materials at absurdly low prices—could you ask more? And I might plan to stock up on cruise lingerie at Singapore—hand-work on heavy silk that endures machine laundry, though the garments need reshaping (I hope!) for the American figure and custom, as they are made, the Chinese shopkeepers blandly assure you, "to fit any one."



If I were the athletic type, I'd take plenty of "play" clothes, but incline to slacks rather than shorts, out of consideration for the conservative element that dominates longer cruises (it's the fortnight, three-week jaunts that catch the gay cavorters who adorn the advertisements). But suit yourself, of course—it's nothing to *me* if you get labelled "brazen hussy," and perhaps it's an innocent way to get talked about, at that.

Plenty of comfortable shoes (has any one ever advised *un*comfortable?), cotton gloves for shore excursions mid the natives, for reasons that might spoil the romantic flavour of these notes; but, next time, I'd go lightly on hand-bags, knowing that after the first stop in the South Seas, Tahiti, I'd be using a native basket as a carry-all.

Cosmetics? I'd take twice as much as I'd use at home, knowing that hot weather and sea air soak them up and that, when you run out of things in the Indian Ocean, you run out and *stay* run out. And I wouldn't be too optimistic about supplies on the boat, nor would I plan to spend shore-leave chasing down a favourite tooth-powder. And I'd add a dozen huge cakes of floating soap to toss overboard to the beguiling Balinese, whose canoes drift about the ship at anchor. Some of them eat it, others rub it over their faces à la cold-cream, but, with all, it is a joy-giving novelty—they scrub, you see, with a handful of gravel scooped up from the stream!

I might take a supply of ten-cent beads and earrings, which will be more acceptable to the head-hunting tribes than silver, since they're on a barter standard. But I'd try to curb my shopping urge in the more primitive islands, unless I had anthropologically inclined friends, or owned a curio cabinet, a museum room, or even the sort of house where a native drum might serve as dinner-gong.

In fact, I'd try, if I were doing it over, not to run completely berserk at the sight of native work, but know what I was going to do with each purchase: whether it was a nice big gift to me, one for my Aunt Emma, or for one of the friends who sent roses.

And I'd crush, if I could, any passion for large, heavy breakables. They're easy enough to carry tenderly in your arms from each bazaar back to the ship—so easy, in fact, that you're lulled into thinking it will be fun to rock-a-bye such treasures from New York to Los Angeles. It isn't.

I'd remember, too, that the "guaranty of antiquity" so obligingly offered by the native merchant must be signed also by the American Consul to have value to a custom inspector—an article over a hundred years old, technically an antique, being duty-free.

So much for restriction.

And on the encouraging side, I'd keep in mind these basic principles, learned through sad experience:

Don't miss your market. If you see an article you like, buy it then and there, for, in the un-



THE MAGNIFICENT, WILD BEACH AT WILDERNESS, SOUTH AFRICA, BELOVED—THEY SAY—BY HONEYMOONERS

MARVIN BRECKINRIDGE

standardized East, you may not find it again. (I'm still pining for a matting brief-case offered only at one railway station in Java.)

Don't let bargaining conquer you. Merchants will usually, after emotional scenes in which you must do your bit, halve their prices; but if they won't, then pay whatever the article is worth to you. (I stubbornly walked out on a Malay bracelet in Singapore, and now I'd triple the price!)

Don't scorn "buys" because every one else is getting them. Numbers cheapen, and the sight of a dozen other travellers wearing beads like yours may repel, but remember that those women will later be scattered from Swampscott to Monterey and that a dozen, by the American standard of production, is really a limited edition. (For some such silly notion, I passed up a Zanzibar chest —and now my heart breaks for a Zanzibar chest!)

I'd *try* to be so guided in shopping, but I'm not sure I'd succeed. For you're not responsible after Bali, where art and life are perfectly blended—colours run riot, but never clash, the roughest gong has the grace of honesty, and the simplest carving has philosophical import.

In New Zealand, you were too busy marvelling at glowworm caverns, blow-holes, and geysers to pick up more than a piece of bathroom pumice (free, from the ground you walk on), a *tikki* (charm of New Zealand jade), or a Maori wood-carving. And in Australia, too busy glimpsing the famous race-track, a London musical comedy, and gay colonial life to carry away more than a stuffed Kaola bear (like your childhood "teddy") or a black opal. But in the East Indies, you don't have to sightsee—you can't see anything *but* sights: women in colourful sarongs cooking by the roadside, women (Continued on page 87)



PIERRE VERGER



BARTER ON THE LIMPID WATER OF THE SOUTH SEAS, NEAR TAHITI





Schiaparelli uses wine-red and white checked wool, bold as a book-maker's, for a travelling-coat of daring cut, worn over a wine-red wool dress with silk sleeves to match (Jay-Thorpe). Schiaparelli beret



Paquin picks a greyish-brown tweed, unmindful of dust, for this travelling-cape and suit. In front, the skirt is flared for striding. Red crocodile makes the bag; green felt, the Rose Descat hat (Lilly Daché)



HORST, PARIS

MARCEL ROCHAS (HATTIE CARNEGIE) • MARCEL ROCHAS

"Little Women" dresses

There's no let-up to the mania for wistful "Little Women" dresses, especially for southern locales. These two, from Marcel Rochas, might have stepped out of Civil War daguerreotypes. The first one is of dark blue organdie with a skirt that spreads like a huge flower, modest short sleeves, and white linen bands on the prim bodice. The other, of waxy white rayon moire, goes in for old-fashioned innocence, with its Peter Pan collar, quaint bodice, and very wide skirt. Jewels from Boucheron. Chair from Waring and Gillow, Paris



MAGGY ROUFF (MILGRIM) • MAGGY ROUFF (ROSE AMADO) • MAGGY ROUFF (BEST)

Blue glazed piqué is used for the first dress, trimmed with Maggy Rouff's pet dress-making trick—thick cording in scrolls on the bodice and edging the pockets. (Pockets in an evening dress!) The second dress has cording, too—five rows as thick as your finger, to make the hem stand out. The fabric is red-and-white rayon, with a big bertha of starched white linen. Third comes a black-and-white silk surah dress with a skirt yards and yards wide and white piqué revers on the jacket. Gate from Bagués

Sweet and sentimental



HOYNINGEN-HUENÉ, PARIS

J. SUZANNE TALBOT (SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE)

BONNETS FOR BANGS



AGNÈS (SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE)

Talbot's poke bonnet, shown in two views on the opposite page, has a fluted brim that zooms into a high peak, exposing your forehead curls. It's of pale blue straw bound with dark blue grosgrain, and under the brim is a pleated veil. Worn with it is Maggy Rouff's simple blue wool serge dress and cape, brightened by the trimming of red-and-white dotted silk

Agnès made the bonnet above, worn by the Comtesse de La Falaise—to show that a poke bonnet is neither giddy nor infantile. Of white piqué, the brim is wide in front and practically non-existent in back, and the crown ties in two tabs. The blue wool cape ensemble is Lelong's. Alexandrine's white suède gloves are amusingly tucked; from Saks-Fifth Avenue

Schiaparelli calls the poke bonnet at the right "Chaste Lady" and makes it of black straw, for spring. White grosgrain faces the brim, which, instead of wending its way around the back, becomes a chin-strap, tied in a bow. It's young as young, worn here with Schiaparelli's dress of that new rayon crêpe called "Mélodie," with a design of musical notes



HORST, PARIS

SCHIAPARELLI [illegible]



THE CHRISTMAS HOUSE

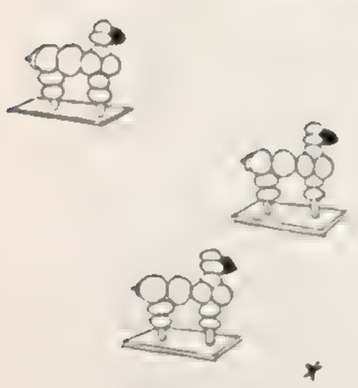


CHRISTMAS has always been a sort of glittering climax to autumn activities, a mid-season spur to further gaieties. Now, rooms that are left throughout the year to themselves can take on a week of added brilliance with tinsel, gilt, and coloured decorations, even at the risk of looking, for the moment, rather overdressed. The traditional tree and its accompanying crèche will be brought out by every one with a spark of sentiment, and certainly holly and mistletoe must still be considered as essentials.

But there are new ways, too, of treating these familiar things and new additions to their decorative virtues. For a charming crèche, there are the quaint little figures and symbols that are sketched on this page. They are all of wood, well-turned and painted in rich colours, and to be had from Rena Rosenthal.



Then, the colour of the walls of the room should be considered, for the addition of what may be called the primary Christmas colours—red, green, blue, gold, and silver—to any colour scheme will need planning. With the prevalent white walls, the problem is practically nothing, but given a green wall, blue and silver will make the best effect. For a brown wall, try just silver and gold; for a blue room, blue and gold, or silver and green—the principle being restraint of colour, but lavishness of quantity. Here is a chance to imitate the old Italian gilt wood friezes, with garlands of silver or gilt tinsel leaves hung just under the cornice.



Mantelpieces are still the logical places for massed decoration, but if you haven't one, use a white or silver screen, placed in a corner, as a background for a bedizened tree or a consciously theatrical grouping of silver laurel leaves and gaudy Christmas tree ornaments. A great swag of frosty Cellophane net, filled with large and small Christmas balls in all colours, can be hung across a chimney-breast, to look rather like those old net Christmas stockings that still exist somewhere. A pair of cedars, whitewashed and sprinkled with powdered mica, will cheer a small foyer or gleam in the firelight at each side of a mantelpiece.

As for the tree, something can be done besides the haphazard, if endearing, mass of tinsel, coloured balls, and irrelevant ornaments. White and silver alone are always entrancing, and this one- or two-colour scheme may be varied by using red and silver, silver and gold, or green and silver. In a room lighted, for the occasion, only by candles, these simplicities always have a great effect. Coloured lights are usually disturbing to such brilliant effects, and it is a fairly simple matter to replace, for the week, your usual lampshades with inexpensive white paper ones. In one house we know, Christmas sees all the white porcelain and pottery animals collected from each room and arranged, each collared with a scarlet bow, on a large commode. This makes a diverting group, very much in the Christmas spirit. In London, where there are still stair landings, great bouquets are made for these dramatic spots. These bouquets are fashioned of red-brown leaves and whitened natural boughs that have been stripped of their leaves and hung with enormous silver tinsel sunflowers with yellow centres. Here, the same effect could be carried out for a console table before a mirror. Even the polished top of a piano would be a flattering setting for such magnificence. Or, if there is a Victorian blackamoor among your effects, the outstretched palm can be made to hold, in place of the traditional card-tray, a basket of fruits or flowers, to make a welcoming Christmas figure beside the entrance door.





BRUEHL-BOURGES PHOTO

CONDÉ NAST ENGRAVING

Above, you see the work of a young artist, Scott Wilson, who has fashioned a crèche out of unprecedented materials—vegetables. He chose them for their beauty of colour and shape; and made his crèche with complete sincerity and the desire to create a small Christmas decoration of charm and originality, following the many artists and artisans of the Christian world who, ever since the Shepherds gazed in wonder at the Star of Bethlehem, have tried to recapture the scene of that miraculous night in these little sculptural compositions of the Nativity. Out of small pieces of wood, of cloth, of metal, of straw, or of any available material, primitive hands have fashioned them. Throughout the annals of religious art, you will see these crèches, many of them grotesque, naïve, and unorthodox, yet full of the charm of all primitive expressions

PEACE ON EARTH



H. C. GIPSON

AN ALPINE VILLAGE IN GUATEMALA, UNDER VOLCANIC SKIES



A DEVIL-DANCER AT SOLOLÁ



BUYING INCENSE AT THE MARKET OF CHICHICASTENANGO

DISCOVERING AMERICA

BY HUGH R. O'NEIL



PRESIDENT UBICO OF GUATEMALA

AMERICANS have never loved their lands and seas as Europeans have loved the lands and seas of Europe. That has yet to come, when the pestiferous tyranny of Europe has passed and we come to recognize that around a mere nautical corner from New York there are palaces and paddocks, dolphins and dawns, legends and lintels, Pantheons and pageants, wines and woods, ruins and raptures every whit as fascinating as those that perch about the Mediterranean, Nôtre Dame, or the Bois.

We suffer, as usual, from the antiquarian European malaise. Like a national rheumatism. The curative is the Caribbean and what lies beyond—particularly what lies beyond. Around the corner from the sky-rocketing towers of New York, one land offers a half-dozen European continents.

It is Guatemala. And strong medicine. Like a *Hlithskjalf*, it looms, projecting its head high up above the Central Americas and Mexico with a sort of ex-cathedrâ look, *distingué*. It is too little to say that Guatemala is beautiful. It is majestic; and, for sheer undiluted surprise, it vies with a magician pulling rabbits out of a top-hat. In a space no bigger than the State of New York, the Republic of Guatemala contains wholly comparable touches of Africa, Switzerland, Old Rome, Japan, Spain, Italy. Each man must see for himself. It is a wholly unbelievable country. You can not reduce it to a norm; Guatemala is as absorbing and fantastic as a dream.

The touch of Japan? In Guatemala, towers of huddled volcanoes hurl themselves starkly through the air—dead, towering cones that fortify the sky with weird serrations, like a whole herd of Fujiyamas. They are terrific peaks, wild and inaccessible as the enchanted mountains of Montserrat, but, in Guatemala, more definitely defined, the difference between the keenness of a saber's blade and the embonpoint of a bludgeon. Vast and pagan they look under the tropic moon. They command a stillness in the soul, an awe.

Beneath them, unbelievably, with the aplomb of a Seville or Madrid, sits the capital of Guatemala, Guatemala City, five thousand feet in the air above the jungle on a mountain plateau, gay as you please. It is a city of wide boulevards like Cuba's, of brilliant tropic gardens, of villas. of cool winds, of Duc des Bordes and Sparkling Bosca, of immaculate waiters, of race-tracks, of Spanish ruins (the two varieties, architectural and human), of Temples to Minerva. Handsome faces pass in Guatemala City; in the evening, in the hotels, when the tropic stars blaze in the sky, evening dress is in order. And beneath it all, the jungle land, with orchids, tigers, crocodiles, the trilling songs of brilliant birds, the dip and flash of gorgeous butterflies.

Guatemala offers an authentic cross-cut of old Spain, the Spain of the Escorial, of Granada, Silos, and Salamanca, in her first capitals of Antigua and Ciudad Vieja. She offers Africa in Petén, her jungle land, and Switzerland in her star-hitting mountain peaks. She offers old Rome in her Maya ruins, for here had once stood, radiant and towering, the first civic centre of the Americas; she offers a touch of Bali in her picturesque Maya Indians with their proud walks and stunning garments; she offers Japan with not one, but a dozen Fujiyamas, and last, but not least, she offers Como in her Lake Atitlán.

The Britisher, Huxley, stood dazed and dizzied in Guatemala. Little wonder! It is an utterly impossible country, with an edge to it like a Side-Car. In Guatemala, you do not look; you gape. There is a slight swimming of your head as if you had dreamed. Huxley's British self-restraint took a dip into hibernation; like the next man, he almost lost his mental breeches. His breath was swept away, and his pen loosened; he positively lilts with panegyrics. But that is the order of the day in Guatemala. The land is like strong, heady wine.

"Lake Como, it seems to me," Huxley pens with trepidation, "touches the limit of the permissibly picturesque; but Atitlán is Como with the additional embellishment of several immense volcanoes." Lakes dot the heights of Guatemala. And the pagan peaks are wonderful and strange, swooping up like ramparts to the heavens.

Guatemala's history and legends are as dramatic as the land itself. To each country, its conqueror. Greece had her Alexander, France her Napoleon, Rome her Nero, and Guatemala. . . .

Back in the days when kings were kings and a well-turned calf was an asset; when Spain was mistress of the world and seas, a handsome Spanish captain whom women loved to madness, a cavalier possessed of a profile nothing short of a veritable El Greco, facile and catlike in all his movements, and with a connoisseur's eye for a woman (as women inevitably returned an eye for an eye to him), lifted, as conquistador, the royal flag of Spain in Guatemala.

Result: spilled blood rose like thick perfume above the jungle. The "charity of the sword" reckoned its dead by thousands. Spain's flag unfurls. With dark skirt flapping in the laden wind, Friar Olmedo solemnly places the Cross on the tropic heights, and stands back, a tense, assertive figure, pleading compassion. Near-by, the feet of a conquered chief burn slowly above (Continued on page 78)

CARNIVAL DESIGNS

VICTORIAN LADY BY CECIL BEATON

FESTIVAL nights are with us again—nights when we can relish the luxury of not being ourselves. Here, seven leading costume designers have based their ideas for fancy dress on the belief that ingenuity, colour, and cut achieve far more than seas of sequins. Cecil Beaton's lady is a froth of net over Rayon billows; Covarrubias' gipsy wears dotted Swiss. Irene Sharaff's crusader uses any firm fabric; Constance Ripley's donna, silver cloth, satin, and a velvet wig. Raoul Pène du Bois' 1830 fantasy combines moire, taffeta, and satin bows. The Martinique lass by Marco Montedoro wears painted broadcloth. And James Reynolds' slave dancer has a satin skirt, a chiffon veil, a velvet pill-box hat with a floor-long tassel, a dangerous flower, and bone bracelets. Needless to say, these designs may be taken with a grain of salt, and individually adapted!

SPANISH GIPSY BY COVARRUBIAS



CRUSADER BY SHARAFF



FANTASY BY MONTEDORO



MOORISH DANCER BY JAMES REYNOLDS



DESIGN BY CONSTANCE RIPLEY



1830 FANTASY BY DU BOIS

BUY AMERICAN FOR CHRISTMAS



"MIRRORED MANGO," BY VICTOR DE PAUW



"STILL-LIFE—CUCUMBERS," BY KATHERINE SCHMIDT



"THE SPANGLED SHAWL," BY ALEXANDER BROOK

NOT long ago, Wanamaker's in New York and Philadelphia held Regional Exhibitions of American Painting. The work of outstanding American artists was chosen, prizes given, and canvases bought for permanent display. We have always urged the buying of first-rate American art, instead of the third-rate European art that so often finds its way here, but never have we felt as much confidence in native talent as now. On these pages are a small group of canvases from the Wanamaker show: glowing proof of the high standards of conception, decorativeness, and technique possessed by these American painters. Furthermore, the prices—nearly all under $500—make such paintings exciting and economically sound Christmas presents. Buy American!



"BOSOM FRIENDS" BY NURA

"STILL-LIFE WITH PORTRAIT OF A DERELICT," BY ISKANTOR



"WASHING HANDS," BY HAROLD WESTON



PAINTINGS ON BOTH PAGES FROM THE WANAMAKER REGIONAL EXHIBITIONS

"FISH NET," BY HENRY BILLINGS


STEICHEN

KNOCK ON WOOD



by ALBERT PARRY

YOU snap your purse or press your wallet tightly after seeing that your tickets are safely there. Your bags are packed; they are piled by the front door. Some one of the household comes in with the breathless intelligence that the taxi is waiting. Now what do you do? Anything as prosaic as saying good-bye to your kin and friends and walking down the stairs to the taxi?

Ah, my gentle clients, in Russia it is done differently. There, before you say good-bye, you sit down. Let the taxi or the *drozhki* wait. You sit down, and everybody else sits down. All of you sit perfectly still for a minute or so, staring at each other and at the native walls with sweet melancholy and suppressed excitement. You are going away on a trip. It means a change, however brief, in the lives of you and yours. It is only fitting to sit down, between the frantic packing of your last bag and the fluttering walk to the vehicle, and ponder. The pondering over, everybody rises. *Now* you say your good-byes and hurry to the vehicle.

Is it a superstition? A religious custom? No, say my Russian friends, merely a lovely folk custom. Even before these atheistic times brought about by the Revolution, there were no prayers murmured during that brief pre-departure sitting. But the origin of the custom, lost in the ages, may well have been religious. Surely, there have been prayers by the side of the packed bags. The present sitting may be only a modification of the ancient kneeling.

Travellers had their ancient god- and saint-protectors to pray to. The Russians had their Saint Nicholas, and, for all we know, some non-Communist Russians may still order of their priests the so-called *napootstvenniye molebni,* or eve-of-the-voyage-Te-Deums. In ancient Greece, Mercury was the god, not only of commerce, but also of travel, for the two were indivisible. Often, the voyager's prayer was also offered to Neptune, for sea and travel meant the same. Generous libations were offered to the gods, and a trace of this Greek custom may be seen now in any American shipyard when a newly launched ship is blessed with a bottle of champagne over her brow.

Well, then, you, the modern traveller, are on your way to the pier or the station. Suddenly, you recall that, in the excitement, you have left behind a valise, a book, or a fruit basket. And even though your steamer or train won't move for another hour, you hesitate to retrace your route. For, in the North of England, as well as in the upper reaches of the Bronx and many other remote places, it is firmly believed that only such journey is lucky which is completely unbroken, and that the traveller should not, under any circumstances, turn back after he has set out for his goal. If he does turn back, then he should not resume his trip unless he sits down for a moment. His sitting down brings a happy end to his first journey. When he gets up to go, it is a new journey on which he starts, having no connection with the one in which he was thwarted but a short time back. Still better, say the Negroes of Arkansas, it is to make the sign of the cross in the dust with your heel and spit on the cross, and then the thwarted traveller may proceed safely. The spitting is no blasphemy, in the mind of the Negro, when coupled with the image of the cross.

But before you board your train or steamer, you must make sure of many other omens. In England and a few other European countries, a sow with a litter of sucklings crossing your way presages an extremely happy trip, for the pig is notorious for its fertility, and, in the primitive mind, fertility is always a desirable and esteemed thing. But if you want to start your journey in a classic manner, why not take a homing pigeon to the pier and release it after the last good-byes? The ancient Greeks did it, for the dove was a domestic bird who loved to return to its roost; the custom of releasing the dove before the voyager's sailing was a good omen, ensuring his safe voyage and early return to domestic delights.

A Chinese custom noted in San Francisco is to throw into the ocean, at the time of friends' sailing, pieces of paper with prayers inscribed in Chinese characters. There is a certain kinship between this Celestial custom and that Occidental sailing-time observance of much gaiety: the voyagers on the deck and the well-wishers on the pier hold opposite (Continued on page 86)

The trio in the photograph on the opposite page are looking through a window in the Rainbow Room at Rockefeller Center, at a panorama of New York by night. The lady farthest left wears a Maggy Rouff picture dress of plum coloured slipper satin, trimmed with gold revers; from the Salon Moderne, Saks-Fifth Avenue, New York and Chicago. Shimmering orange lamé fashions the other gown. It is draped about the shoulders and flared at the hem-line; from Jay-Thorpe. Coiffure by J. Schaeffer



BERGDORF GOODMAN

JAY-THORPE • SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE

Southern Exposures

SOUTH is anywhere, this year, where you can wear cotton and linen clothes, where you can dress like a native in prints that Gauguin might have painted, and where the supreme law of the land is comfort. You may look one hundred per cent. American, but your clothes should have a touch of the tar-brush. You will wear skirts on the beach; and *parus* like those worn in Bali; strident plaids in darkish colours; Dutch linens in plaintive greens and browns; Javanese cottons, natural linen touched up with bright reds and blues. You will mix your materials—flannel with linen, rough cotton over a silk dress, rough straws with smooth rayon dresses. You will fling hooded capes about your shoulders on the beach. Your body will be exposed to all the sunshine possible, in one-piece shorts for tennis, two-piece bathing-suits, slacks with tiny brassières on the sand.

• On these pages and the two that follow, we show you that there is a looseness and swing about the new play clothes. The photograph at the upper left, for instance, shows a one-piece dress of dull blue linen, cut like a child's play dress with overall straps in the back and a short, square jacket of natural knitted string. Bergdorf Goodman has this in New York; Marshall Field in Chicago, and Bullock's-Wilshire, in California.

• The photograph at the lower left shows what you wear over your bathing-suit. It may be a knee-length white terry-cloth coat, belted at the waist and buttoning in front (from Jay-Thorpe, New York; Marshall Field, Chicago; I. Magnin, California), or a long white linen coat with a broad sash and collar of navy-blue and white dotted crêpe (Saks-Fifth Avenue, New York and Chicago; I. Magnin, California).

• The third photograph on these pages shows a dress for luncheon or the races—a two-piece, hand-knit model of mossy wool in pale blue. It gives you a charming, innocent air, with its frilled knitted jabot and frilled cuffs. You will find it at Saks-Fifth Avenue in New York and Chicago; I. Magnin, California.

• Turning to page 44, the top photograph illustrates the news in casual top-coats. The young lady pulling on her John-Frederics hat of white linen wears a coarse white basket-weave cotton coat, three-quarters in length; Peck and Peck in New York and Chicago; Bullock's-Wilshire in California. Beside it is a laced-at-the-collar coat, hand-knit of a coarse, ropy yarn. Alfred Dunhill has it in NewYork—Bullock's-Wilshire in California.

• On the beach, swing a skirt of natural linen around your waist, over the one-piece shorts illustrated at the lower left on page 44. Both the skirt and shorts button in front. From Saks-Fifth Avenue in New York and Chicago; and I. Magnin in California.

• The young lady who has turned her back (also on page 44) is wearing a turned-up felt hat and a short-sleeved dark blue velveteen jacket, over a fringed dress of red, blue, and white plaid cotton—perfect for a cruise. Best has it in New York; Leschin in Chicago; I. Magnin in California.

• At the bottom of the same page is a navy-blue and white checked cotton coat being yanked on after tennis, over a grey tailored sports dress; also in red- or green-and-white; Bergdorf Goodman in New York; Marshall Field in Chicago; I. Magnin in California.

• Topping page 45 are two perfect resort costumes—a one-piece dress of plaid spun silk, in blue, green, and white—well-cut and simple. (Altman has this in New York; and I. Magnin in California.) And a horizontally striped navy-blue and white jersey blouse, worn over a white linen skirt; from Jay-Thorpe in New York; Martha Weathered in Chicago; and I. Magnin in California.

• Holding a cigarette, on the same page, is a young lady in a brown herring-bone linen suit, with a jacket that is nicely full at the shoulders. The blouse is of beige cotton. It is from Mrs. Franklin, Inc., in New York and Philadelphia; Bullock's-Wilshire, California.

• The rough straw hat shown at the lower right on page 45 is from John-Frederics. The straw is yellowish, and a rust wool band goes around a dented crown. The white rayon dress worn with it is from Bonwit Teller.



PECK AND PECK • DUNHILL



SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE

DESCRIPTIONS OF THESE MODELS ON PAGE 43



BEST (ABOVE) • BERGDORF GOODMAN



ALTMAN • JAY-THORPE



MRS. FRANKLIN, INC.

TONI FRISSELL

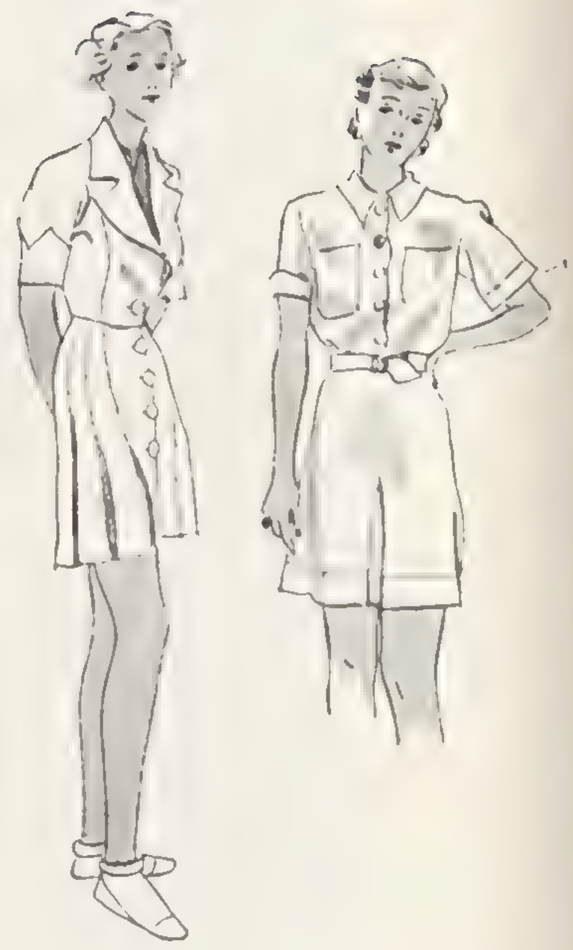
BONWIT TELLER • JOHN-FREDERICS HAT



NOT only are there boat cruises to Florida, this year, but you can take a week-end plane cruise—eight hours from New York to Miami. This means light-weight, packable clothes, with a maximum of usefulness—like the dress at the left. Its high neck-line is shirred, and it's made of a light or dark print called "THE FLYING TRAPEZE"; from Saks-Fifth Avenue

• As to play clothes—note those at the right. White linen is used for the KILTIE SHORTS (first), with a short bus-boy jacket over a bright orange silk blouse; Abercrombie and Fitch

• The DOROTHY ROUNDS one-piece play suit (farthest right) is beautifully cut and alluring in pale blue or white linen; from Best



Pointing

• Linen is a great Southern belle. You will see it in rough and smooth versions, in handkerchief weight, and in plaids. It is used for the three-piece suit at the right, in brown, with beige SADDLE STITCHING (stitching as big as that on your favourite hand-sewed gloves) and a blouse of natural linen; Saks-Fifth Avenue

• The suit sketched below, at the left, is one of those wearable travel costumes. The fabric is light-weight wool in OATMEAL-BEIGE, and the rolled collar is stitched and stiff; from Saks-Fifth Avenue

• At the right (also below) is a white LINEN SWAGGER SUIT, with raglan shoulders, a wide belt, and a blue crêpe blouse; Peck and Peck







• That first bathing-suit, above, can be worn by practically any figure—plump or spindling. It is made of navy-blue crêpe DOTTED in white and has a bracelet neck; McCutcheon

• The STRIPED, KNITTED maillot (second, above) is in navy-blue and white and has an abbreviated navy-blue jersey skirt with white clips on each hip. You can get this from Best

• To fling over your bathing-suit, choose a PULL-OVER cape like the one above. It may be made of white cotton, and its short front, dipped back, and big initial are chic; Best

• The Gantner and Mattern suit (right) is of cruiser-blue jersey, REPTILE STITCHED, and minus a back; Saks-Fifth Avenue

South



• Sheer cotton frocks make you feel completely divorced from winter. That one at the right, for instance, is an enchanting Southern evening dress of crisp, crumpled red-and-white organdie, tailored in its lines, made with a TINY TUNIC that is scarcely more than a peplum and edged with pleated red grosgrain ribbons; from Hattie Carnegie Ready-to-Wear

• The dress below is made of white crêpe and topped by an ORGANDIE JACKET and bow in navy-blue and white, boldly dotted. The wide belt is in navy-blue, too. This costume, with its crisp, sheer jacket, is excellent for luncheon, any place that you may choose to go in the South. Bonwit Teller has this model



• If you go in for CABAÑA LIFE, you will like that beach costume at the far left. It's a three-piece model of Marshall Field's Beau Challis, with a tiny foulard pattern in green and natural colour. The blouse has a pleated front, the slacks are wide at the hem-line, and the coat is knee length. Bergdorf Goodman has this seaside costume

• The striped dress shown beside it is of silk crêpe in a dark raspberry-red, with the stripes in dull blue and white. (DARK COLOURS with white accessories, or vice versa, are new and chic for Southern wear.) This dress is from Mrs. Franklin, Inc., New York

• The seated siren (shown below) wears one of Jantzen's new two-piece swim suits. It's a brief knitted model that is called "BASQUE KERCHIEF," and you will find it at Lord and Taylor



• Below is one of the little knitted caps that Bolivians wear in vivid colours, sometimes with the stocking tassel pulled forward. You can tuck it into your pocket or a corner of your bag, and you'll find all sorts of uses for it in the South. (Real hats for hot countries are so large and beautiful that we are saving them till January, when we can give them more space.) To return to the cap, a sleuthing shopper brought it back from SOUTH AMERICA, and it proved to be so useful and flattering that it has been copied in pale colours. You will find it at Bloomingdale's





• As to shoes, you will see dark suèdes and linen everywhere, many with LOW HEELS. The top one in the group at the right is a red-and-beige plaid linen ghillie sandal with the new flat heel—a very smart type to wear with any of your washable dresses in harmonizing colours

• Next, below it, is a linen pump with multicoloured raffia embroidery—good with plain linen dresses

• The third shoe is a T-strap, enamel-thread sandal in navy-blue and white—charming for afternoon wear in the South and next summer. All three shoes are to be had from Saks-Fifth Avenue

Love and Food

DIARY OF A ROMANTIC DUET



OCTOBER 1—Moved to father's apartment. Cyril says it's ridiculous that rents should go up this year; that we can get a divine place for nothing if we wait until all this hectic leasing is over. Took Guido with us. Cyril says we could never find another cook who would look so much like a Sicilian bandit or make such good spaghetti.

OCTOBER 2—There is something suspiciously hot and Mexican about father's cook's food. Cyril calls her "olive-oil eyes." I dreamt last night that Cyril's hair was in dozens of tiny black braids like a pickaninny's. He says not to bother looking it up in Freud's dream book, as it just means that I ate too many of Angela's Mexican beans all squashed up and gooey with cheese. She cooks pink beans for hours, as slowly as possible, with salt and a chilli or two in the water; then fries them in fat, squashing some of them to make that nice, rich red gravy; and then adds plenty of yellow cheese before serving.

OCTOBER 3—Found Guido very morose, sitting on kitchen stool this morning. Says he has nothing to do. Angela works in very high-heeled shoes and very short dresses. She spent the day making tortillas (nothing in them but ground corn, flour, salt, and water), some of which we ate for lunch instead of bread. She drops them in hot deep fat, and they come out all crisp and brown and curling, with a delicious pop-corn flavour. We had the tortillas in *enchiladas* for dinner, and a more divinely hot dish I have never eaten. Minced chicken was rolled inside them, chopped onions were put on top, and a sauce of green chillis (she uses canned Ortega chillis), tomatoes, sour cream, cheese, and, of course, a garlic, onion, and olive base, poured over. This was served bubbling in a red pottery casserole with sliced avocados on top. Mary Warner at dinner tried to find out what was in it—very snatching about other people's good recipes. Guido sang "Pagliacci" mournfully over the dishes. Says he would like to go back to Italy.

OCTOBER 4—Cyril asked Guido for spaghetti to-night. After working all afternoon, he threw out the sauce, saying it wasn't any good because Angela didn't have the proper herbs in her cupboard. Shrill laughs from her in the kitchen at dinner, then a crash. Father's best Spode platter broken. Found her snapping her fingers at Guido and calling him a "clumsy beezness." Father says it's the Latin temperament.

OCTOBER 6—Found Guido dancing with the broom to radio in the drawing-room. Asked if I knew a dancer called Arthur Murray. Guido says he (Guido) was the best dancer in his village in Italy—giggles from Angela, who was dusting. Everything starch at dinner to-night except the green chilli peppers stuffed with soft yellow cheese, rolled in egg, and cooked in deep fat. Every one asleep in his chair by ten.

OCTOBER 7—Ordered lamb-chops and pease for dinner. Garlic soup and ravioli appeared. Angela says that garlic soup is very nourishing; that Spanish peasants eat it for breakfast every morning of their lives. Couldn't discover anything in it except whole cloves of garlic, olive-oil, salt, bread, and water, with scrambled eggs floating on top. Strangely enough, it was good. Guido served the ravioli and assured us that it was healthy because it had spinach in it. Very pleased that Cyril took two helpings—sang lustily all evening. Father says he likes gay Latin temperament. Cyril says that this romantic duet in cooking is slowing down his work at the office.

OCTOBER 9—Guido asked for a radio in the kitchen. Took a dancing lesson yesterday on his day off and says Miss Arthur Murray told him to practise at home. Spoke to father, and he says that Latin temperament needs music. Angela induced Cyril to eat a small raw white chilli pepper with his Spanish rice. Drank water all night and dreamt that he was lost on a desert with a blow torch in his mouth. Angela's rice is perfect; perfectly dry, but never hard. She washes it and dries it, then browns a chopped onion and garlic clove in olive-oil, adds the dry rice, and browns it well, sprinkling it with red chilli powder and salt. She covers it with hot veal or chicken stock mixed with an equal amount of canned tomatoes, puts a large spray of parsley on top, and cooks it at the lowest possible heat, never stirring it. Cyril says he would like a bowl of it beside his bed at night, in case he wakes up and remembers how good it is.

OCTOBER 10—No one invites us out to dinner any more. Cyril says it's the garlic. Two (Continued on page 80)

• Looking down from the balcony of the Waldorf-Astoria's Grand Ballroom (opposite page) is Miss Elsie Little, in a gown of white faille taffeta, delicately traced with diamantés; Saks-Fifth Avenue • Beside her is Miss Vivian Dixon, in a black faille taffeta dress with ruchings on the net cape and at the hem; Bergdorf Goodman • (Bottom) Muriel King designed the brown velvet wrap, with a kolinsky hood, that Miss Dorothy Paine wears. From Altman • The lady in ermine is Miss Gwili André. Her ermine evening coat has a youthful, chic neck-line and melon-shaped sleeves; Gunther • All of the jewels worn in this photograph are from Paul Flato



STEICHEN

Vogue's Spotlight

BY MARYA MANNES

WHAT do people want in the theatre? Answer that, and you'll be on the pay-roll of every producer in town. Do they want realism or fantasy, drama or comedy, farce or fact? Or, if all, what proportion of each? Part of the answer, quite obviously, lies in the box-office receipts. The answer at least to what people want; not to what is good.

Let's look at these receipts. The chief hits of the moment are: "Merrily We Roll Along," "The Distaff Side," "Personal Appearance," "Small Miracle," "Ladies' Money." (We exclude the musical shows, because the formula for their success is simpler: good music, good gags, good-lookers, and Pace.) What, if anything, is alike about these plays? This is our finding: all of them are plays whose surface is photographic realism and whose basis is, not fantasy, but that distillation—that arbitrary patterning—of life which is called "theatre." The realism is only skin-deep. But that surface satisfies.

Among the pleasures of theatre-going, few are keener than the pleasure of recognition. People adore the small realities. Photographic detail enchants them. They love real homes, real cocktail shakers, real policemen and port-holes—all those things and types that they know as well as their own faces. In "Merrily We Roll Along," a great part of the pleasure is in the recognition of a certain set of people. It is gratifying to see these lions of intellectual drawing-rooms etched with clarity, speaking the same phrases that they speak in life. The dialogue has (to many of us, at least) all the pungent familiarity of a birthplace revisited. Throughout the play, the mechanics of living, from penthouse to park, from party chatter to family chatter, are reproduced with brilliant fidelity. Underneath this photography is art—the art of arranging life according to dramatic needs. Running the play backwards helped this enormously. Running it forwards would have made the play too normal, too *like* the gradual procession of living to be theatre. Now, natural and inevitable as the reversed sequences of the story seem, the authors were clever enough to be, in a sense, untrue to life in that they made out of four tangled human skeins one clear, uncomplicated pattern. But that is playwriting.

George Abbott's productions are far simpler evidences of this success formula. "Small Miracle" and "Ladies' Money" are, physically, masterpieces of life reproduction. The theatre lounge in the first play is as real as any theatre lounge on Broadway; the boarding-house in the second smells of mutton. Underneath this endearing and ingenious realism is the most arrant fiction: neat plots dragged out of the chaos that is life and pinned down hard and fast. Essentially, these plays are false.

"The Distaff Side" and "Personal Appearance," although one is drama and the other farce, work on the same formula. Possible, but fundamentally implausible, stories are given credence by a perfect coating of realism. The success of the second play is entirely in gags manufactured from the familiar stuff of the small-town, Hollywood-mad world; and in the fact that Gladys George, with enormous gusto, makes the kind of movie actress that we all have grown to know by heart and laugh at immoderately. Beyond that there is nothing.

When authors extend their realism to the story, they run into danger. For life can not be contracted into three hours of words, with an end and a beginning. And any attempt to do it faithfully is self-defeating. The theatre can not, should not, be rigidly factual.

The play that comes close to the prose of reality—and gets away with it—is "The Farmer Takes a Wife"—a most endearing little fragment of American life at the time of the Erie "Canawl." What gives this sentimental and homely saga the necessary fictional touch is its period. Anything of the past automatically becomes slightly unreal to us.

The chief virtue of Elmer Rice's "Between Two Worlds" is the quality most derided by its critics: photographic realism. The ocean liner is a real liner, built—rail, deck, and funnel—on the stage. The people are gruesomely like the people you meet on any ship; first with a leaden sinking of the heart and later with detached amusement. Most of them are appalling—and funny. Rice's knowledge of types is no less than uncanny. These rather sardonic pleasures of recognition, and the excellent acting of Joseph Schildkraut and Rachel Hartzell entertained this reviewer far more than it entertained others. If Rice had not tried to wrench a dramatic scene out of his realism by pitting a Communist moving-picture director against a sappy (Continued on page 72b)

• In the foreground of the audience (opposite page), photographed in the Waldorf-Astoria Grand Ballroom, is Miss Gwili André, wearing a satin-striped white faille taffeta dress; Bonwit Teller • Miss Vivian Dixon, beside her, is in a pink matelassé crêpe gown with narrow shoulder-straps and a shirred neck; Bergdorf Goodman • Rich purple satin is the fabric of the distinctive gown that Miss Elsie Little wears (second row). A deep, absolutely strapless back contrasts with the high, bow-tied neck-line in front; Altman • Over a green satin frock, Miss Dorothy Paine has flung an ermine cape. Dress and cape; Stein and Blaine. All jewels from Paul Flato



Fresh on the scent of Christmas, these fragrant and feminine gifts run the gamut from little gifts to those of grandeur and solve every problem of last-minute giving in a manner beautiful to behold



HYNOLM-PHILLIPS

Christmas Beauty

EVERY Christmas, we find ourselves in this act of giving beauty away. And here, in this glittering galaxy, you see a preview of the Vanities of 1935.

• First among the new beauties is the large black box of Millot's Crêpe de Chine dusting powder, at the upper left on the opposite page—smelling divinely. The box looks like shiny patent leather and has an agate-like disk on the cover

• The three crystal pieces grouped together (at the upper right on the same page) —scent bottle, powder-box, and cigarette holder—are part of a seven-piece set designed by Baccarat for Bergdorf Goodman, one of the smartest possible choices for a modern dressing-table. An atomizer is included in this set, and the little glass is also for drinking or for holding your violets instead of cigarettes

• The huge soap bowl is Guerlain's newest gesture on behalf of bathing de luxe. There is a whisk to accompany it, too, if you like whisking

• The cake of soap tied on top of the new "Water Lily" dusting powder-box is one of Helena Rubinstein's pleasant gestures on behalf of Christmas

• Now to the beautiful bottles lined up on the opposite page. The tall black one with its gold stopper holds Richard Hudnut's eau de Cologne De Luxe

• The flask next to it, bound round with gold tape, is Dorothy Gray's new Bath Essence in a fresh pine fragrance. The bottle is sealed up with a gold seal to show how precious it is

• Lenthéric's special Christmas bottle is the round bubble bottle that you see, in this instance filled with "Lotus d'Or." A pair makes a charming dressing-table set

• The bottle that suggests a Chinese pagoda (far left) holds Weil's newest scent, "Bamboo," and the "Bamboo" toilet-water appears in the amusing bottle in the right foreground

• Jean Patou calls his latest perfume "Vacances" and puts it in the modern crystal bottle with his initials on the stopper

• The Lucien Lelong bottle with its beautiful cutting holds the new Lelong perfume, with the inspired name, "Opening Night"

• The slim bottle with cross-bar motifs is the new size for Molinelle's lovely fragrances, of which "Gardenia" is pictured

• Coming over to this page, we find at the top a cigarette box for the dressing-table. with a set of little ash-trays to accompany it—the sort of charming little bibelot that looks as though you had spent hours finding it. This is from Jay-Thorpe

• Next to the ash-tray is Kathleen Mary Quinlan's brand-new evening vanity, ivory-finished, with a jewel-like clasp. In foursome form, this case supplies you with evening powder, silver eye shadow, cream rouge, and dry rouge. The triple version holds powder and two rouges—and there is also a refill of daytime powder with each case

• The cylinder with the tasselled metal top is—surprise!—a De Vilbiss travelling atomizer. It couldn't be smarter, or more compact. We found it at the Lenthéric Salon, but it is in other shops, as well

• The square vanity-case is Coty's, made of gleaming etched chromium with a bit of bright blue enamel as a background for the Coty crest. A master mind has provided this case with a wonderful device for holding loose powder

• Chanel believes in doing things by threes, and the newest version of her triplicate set of perfumes—"Glamour," "Number 5," and "Gardenia"—appears in the smart little black-and-white box that characterizes all the Chanel packages. You know without being told that this is a gift you can't go wrong on

• Then, to wind things up with a dash, we have Prince Matchabelli's new vanity purse shown at the bottom of the page in black velvet, with the fittings displayed on the top. It can also be had in failles, crêpes, and brocades and holds a vanity-case, lipstick, and a slim cigarette-case



NELSON



MARTINUS ANDERSEN



NELSON





CHOSEN WITH FORETHOUGHT

• If you could, you'd give her the moon wrapped in Cellophane, because its absolute rarity would be the perfect tribute to her, a very special person. But since celestial bodies are not to be had at any price, Vogue has gathered together this group of superior, individual gifts to satisfy all the difficult, delightful ladies on your list

1. and 2. Both of these photographs show a diamond and platinum jewel that may be worn as a clip or a pin to hold flowers. Its adaptability lies in the ingenious mechanical parts that are slipped in, to clasp or pin as you wish, under the jewelled top. Saks-Fifth Avenue has this

3. This triumvirate of evening bags—all rare antique Persian and Japanese brocades in marvellous shades—are fabrics to cherish for all time; Bergdorf Goodman

4. Worthy of the early Romans is this collection of gold costume jewellery. The bracelet at the extreme left in the photograph is of square chunks of gold metal set with simulated lapis, and the clip above it matches; from Bonwit Teller, New York, and I. Magnin, California. The other bracelets, clip, and beads are of gold metal; Bonwit Teller

5. For a Catherine-of-Russia lady—these costume jewellery bracelets. They're reproductions of Russian court jewels, made of small imitation pearls and coloured stones strung by hand on very fine wire; from Hattie Carnegie

6. A group of super-accessories that couldn't be more chic. Consider the C. W. Davenport leopard-skin bag with a belt to match; from Jay-Thorpe; the black pouch bag of fine alligator, from Jay-Thorpe, New York; and the black genuine antelope bag with a metal chain handle and metal clasp; from Bruck-Weiss

7. The topmost sweater in this group is one of those classic sports models that a sporting lady will love. It's of red wool, with a navy-blue square; Mrs. Franklin, Inc. Below it are "baby sweaters" for grown-ups, of the finest knit Angora. Both the cardigan and short-sleeved pull-on are made in light shades for Southern wear; Peck and Peck. At the upper right in the photograph is a black leather travelling-bag that has plenty of room for tickets, jewels, and a passport. It has a detachable tan felt case that matches in appearance the rest of your luggage; Bendel. As for the umbrella, she'll probably pray for rain and a chance to use this smart silk one with its crook pigskin handle; Bendel

8. A gift for a Sybarite is this light-weight quilt and pillow, covered with apricot striped silk, that slip into a brown moire silk cover; Grande Maison de Blanc, New York

9. Breakfast in bed is more of a joy than ever when you wear this charming knitted cape of Bernat yarn, in pastel shades. From Dunhill, New York, and I. Magnin, California. Below it is a lingerie set of peach satin and hand-made lace; Carlin Comforts, New York; I. Magnin, California

The Shining Gift



NYHOLM-PHILLIPS

• A shining, fluted brass cylinder makes the base of a modern table lamp at the upper left in the photograph. This solidly weighted base holds aloft a shade that gleams with gilt when not lighted, yet shows a softened cream light at night, since it is covered with strands of gilt paper like jap sticks; Rena Rosenthal

• Just below the lamp on this page is a large bowl (there are several other sizes) of blown glass, transparent and opaque white, from the famous Whitefriars establishment in England. The beautiful irregularities of pattern vary in each piece of this glass, this particular shape being as useful for salads as it is for flowers; from Rena Rosenthal

• A pure white porcelain cigarette box of unusual shape is next in line. Shaped rather like a Regency work-box, its classic proportions will grace either a modern or a Biedermeier room, but its smooth elegance will make it at home in almost any surroundings. There are ash-trays to match; Blanche Storrs, Inc.

• The capacious depths of the crystal beaker (upper left, opposite page) will hold enough water to nourish the thirstiest of long-stemmed flowers. The engraved coach in eternal chase around its polished centre is finely detailed, beneath beautifully gilded stars, under a gilded rim. You will find these at Diane Tate and Marian Hall

• Faience from Italy now takes on new forms. Below the crystal beaker, you see a gay cylinder with a lid, in which you can stow away innumerable cigarettes. Without the lid, it holds a very acceptable bouquet. A fantastic pattern in three values, white, grey, and black covers the entire surface. Gerard has this

• The shallow, round bowl in the centre of the opposite page is shown with two of its four accompanying candlesticks. Of brilliantly hand-cut imported crystal, it begs for a handful of varicoloured camellias with their dark, glossy leaves to set off a gala dinner; Alfred Orlik

• Continuing the parade of candlesticks, the next pair are of crystal and are modern copies of rare old English ones of the baluster shape. In sets of either two or four, they make the perfect present for your more reactionary friend, with their luminous gleaming surfaces. From Steuben Glass, Inc.

• Just behind the battery of candlesticks, a vast shell of fluted and ribbed glass makes a striking decoration for a large table. It is faintly blue-green and cloudy in effect and is large enough to take the massed fruits now so much used. From James Amster, Bergdorf Goodman

• Decorative masks are always with us, but at the far right, opposite, is one which combines use with beauty. From the sensitive hand of Giacometti in Paris, this example conceals behind its rough plaster surface a light that will illuminate softly the wall behind it; Wanamaker

• At the left in the lowest row (opposite page), a pair of hot hors-d'œuvres dishes are contained in a single oval mahogany tray. These dishes are of cream pottery, with the lids patterned in green or copper colour, and are easily passed in their polished, handled frame. From Alice H. Marks, Inc.

• Delicately poised on its pale green leaf, the cream coloured pottery melon with its stripings of brown, brings marmalade to the tea—or breakfast table. Its lid is pierced to take the necessary spoon. Naturally, its uses are not confined to holding marmalade: cigarettes, too, could live here. This is available from Elsie de Wolfe, Inc.

• Collectors have long sought the original but rare Wedgwood plates, which are bright green in colour. Here (at the lower right on the opposite page) are the reproductions, made from the old moulds, with a lattice in the centre and a border of leaves and berries. As salad or dessert plates, nothing could be more perfect with their delicately modelled veins and berries; Olivette Falls, Inc.



Permanent mementoes of the season, these glittering additions to any room combine beauty with use in their modern forms, adapting themselves perfectly to various backgrounds, either modern or traditional



STEICHEN

THIS BLACK TAFFETA DRESS WORN BY MISS VIVIAN DIXON HAS RUCHINGS AND A NET CAPE: BERGDORF GOODMAN



BUFFOTOT, PARIS

Lelong Branches Out

THERE'S a new seed sown in Paris. For the first time in history, a famous dressmaking house in the city of light has opened a department for selling ready-to-wear clothes. Lucien Lelong is the pioneer. On the first floor of his Matignon Avenue establishment, where his great collections continue to make history, Monsieur Lelong has added a wing for *Les Robes d'Edition.* In a modern house decorated in white by Jean-Michel Frank and bathed in indirect lighting, Siegel mannequins — suave and mysterious — show ready-made gowns, which cost upwards from three hundred francs.

In America, there is nothing new about ready-to-wear clothes. On the contrary, they form the foundation of our dress trade. But in Paris—until now—, no woman in a ready-made dress could have the word "chic" applied to her. It was unthinkable for a smart woman not to have every stitch, from hat to shoe, made expressly for her alone.

But Monsieur Lelong believes that chic should be possible to every women. Any woman can come to this new wing of his famous house, walk out with a gown—and still be chic, in the Parisian sense of the word.

Let him speak for himself, in answer to our questions:

QUES.: Exactly what are these *Robes d'Edition?*

ANS.: I call my new department by this name, because I am undertaking the making, for a greater number of women, of a certain number of models which I have created especially towards this end. In this department, I will show a collection of dresses, coats, and suits quite different from my made-to-order collection. These *Robes d'Edition*—a new era in the history of our *haute couture*—are an evolution which will permit many women to be, not nicely dressed, but extremely well-dressed—a privilege which was so far reserved for a few women only. I shall continue to make every effort to create models just as beautiful, but more accessible.

QUES.: In other words, you will make dresses *en série?*

ANS.: Not at all. I protest against the cheap uniform. No woman likes to wear exactly the same dress as another does. How, then, can she express her personality? That's why I use the term *Robes d'Editions*, which means that my dresses will be made in limited editions.

QUES.: Just what do you mean by limited editions?

ANS.: This: my *Robes d'Edition* will be made in limited numbers because I shall constantly renew the models. I do not want to make moulds from which thousands of copies are drawn. The collection will consist of about a hundred models, and, as soon as a model has been sold too much, it will be withdrawn from sale and replaced by another.

QUES.: How do you manage this obvious de-luxe quality with such low prices?

ANS.: By agreement and collaboration with the manufacturers, who are studying with me methods of dyeing and weaving that achieve great quality for minimum cost.

QUES.: You survey personally all the details, from the creation of the model to its sale?

ANS.: Who would do it if I didn't? Every gown coming from my firm with my label has been created from my directions, then executed under my supervision.

QUES.: Are your *Robes d'Edition* quite separate from the models of your great collection?

ANS.: Entirely. They are in no sense adaptations of models shown a few months before. Only their sense of beauty and their workmanship are the same.

The actual selling facts of Monsieur Lelong's new department are as follows: his models are executed in five sizes; any alterations cost about fifty francs in addition to the price of the dress; and if the client wants two fittings, one hundred francs extra is charged for each dress. The dresses are kept on a separate floor, in stock. When a woman chooses a model, the colour and size are relayed by telephone, and the dress comes down on elevators. Revolution!



MACY'S

Fresh for new year

UNDER YOUR BLACK COAT, a figured frock will give life to your costume, and you won't be rushing the season if you choose one in surah silk. Bright circles on a black ground make the design of the simple dress from Macy's, with grosgrain loops at the throat. Or, like the lady in the foreground above, try Vionnet's big scarf for a wardrobe pick-up. It's irregularly cut, of two shades of Lyons velvet (for instance, red and black), and, besides being able to wear it in about twelve different ways, you can get gloves to match it, all in Macy's Accessory Shop

UNDER YOUR BROWN COAT, a matelassé dress in brown or a vivid green or subtle red will revive a tired wardrobe. The charming lady on the opposite page wears a frock of "Petit Mat," a Seraceta fabric, and the contrast in texture of the crisp belting ribbon at the neck and sleeves is especially refreshing. The collar and cuffs are in two tones, and the pushed-forward neck-line, enormously flattering, is held that way by a link button. Lord and Taylor has the dress, and the Suzy pill-box hat in felt with grosgrain-ribbon cording to trim it is from Florence Reichman



AND TAYLOR



VOGUE'S *finds of the fortnight*

SELECTED BECAUSE—the hostess gown sketched at the far left, of Blumenthal's Crystelle velvet, makes a luxurious gift. In women's and misses' sizes. Bonwit Teller; $30

SELECTED BECAUSE—lounging pyjamas like these are smart and practical for a four-year-old, or her boarding-school sister. Of Angora wool, with long sleeves. Best; $8:50

SELECTED BECAUSE—lace, patterned all over in silver metal, is the sparkling new fabric of this tunic-blouse (centre). The draped neck-line is flattering. From Best; $17

SELECTED BECAUSE—this black, triple sheer crêpe nightgown (left) has a black Chantilly lace yoke cut away under the arms and a lace peplum. From Franklin Simon; $13.75

SELECTED BECAUSE—cloque crêpe is new and very smart for blouses. This blouse (at the extreme lower left) is of Wager and Hirsch's cloque crêpe; Franklin Simon; $8.50

SELECTED BECAUSE—your winter suit will take a new lease on life with this changeable taffeta blouse (centre, bottom of page), in antique shades. From Bonwit Teller; $12.75

SELECTED BECAUSE—this Tahiti-printed model (first figure, opposite page) is a complete beach wardrobe: top, rompers, short skirt, and ankle-length "paru"; McCutcheon; $14

SELECTED BECAUSE—a one-piece dress like this (second, opposite page), with a divided skirt, stars at sports. Of washable Celanese "Bara-Cel." Abercrombie and Fitch; $17

SELECTED BECAUSE—this spectator sports frock (foreground, opposite page) is so wearable. It's of pastel coloured silk crêpe, with pleated sleeve capelets. De Pinna; $22.75

SELECTED BECAUSE—a light-weight wool costume like this (far right) is indispensable. Over the frock of Strook's Llama goes a coat of the same fabric, checked. Altman; $40

WHERE AND HOW TO PURCHASE THEM

No matter where you live, you can buy Vogue's Finds of the Fortnight. There's a list of shops on page 15 that have them. If no shop in your town is listed, write to Vogue, 420 Lexington Avenue, for one near you



Four smart costumes for cruising and the South



DESIGNS FOR DRESSMAKING

• Frock No. S-3768 is a flattering dress that you'll wear again and again for informal evenings. Of mousseline de soie, it has a full skirt and an interesting yoke. Designed for sizes 12 to 40

• Frock No. 6865 handles its bertha collar in a new and intriguing manner. The girdle, which ties in back, is a continuation of the front panel. Of black taffeta. Designed for sizes 14 to 40

• Frock No. 6874—For all its clever detail and chic, this is an "Easy-to-Make" model. Of "Beau Challis," a Du Pont spun Rayon fabric from Marshall Field. Designed for sizes 12 to 40

• Suit No. 341 is prophetic of spring, with its softly tailored jacket that dips and flares ever so slightly in back. It is made of Forstmann's light-weight wool. Designed for sizes 32 to 40



BACK VIEWS OF THESE DISTINCTIVE NEW MODELS ARE ON PAGE 76

• ENSEMBLE No. 343—As slim-lined as a tailleur, this afternoon ensemble has, for its only trimming, jabot-like collars on the dress and jacket. This is designed for sizes 14 to 40

• ENSEMBLE No. S-3770—Wide bands cut in one with the blouse give this frock a chic scarf neckline. Matelassé crêpe of "Acele" and silk from Wager and Hirsch. It is designed for sizes 14 to 42

• FROCK No. 342—The diagonally cut skirt and bodice are perfect for mature figures, as well as slim ones, and the gathered jabot gives softness without adding fulness. Designed for sizes 32 to 42

• FROCK No. 6870 is an "Easy-to-Make" model for town and country, with an abbreviated cape that buttons under the chin. It is made of Forstmann's light-weight woollen. Designed for sizes 12 to 40

PATTERNS MAY BE PURCHASED FROM ANY SHOP SELLING VOGUE PATTERNS, OR BY MAIL, POSTAGE PREPAID, FROM VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE, GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT; 1196 THE MERCHANDISE MART, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS; OR 523 MISSION STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA; IN CANADA, 360 ADELAIDE STREET, WEST, TORONTO, ONTARIO. A LIST OF PRICES WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 91.

Shop hound





Tips on the Christmas market



CHRISTMAS is an old Spanish custom—or Irish, or Russian, or Swedish—so why not celebrate it in the fashion of whatever country you hail from? Shop-Hound has dug up the Christmas customs in various countries and found shops in New York where you can get everything that is necessary to carry them out.

• If you are Irish, you probably know that Christmas is a family affair, although the doors are left unlatched so that any wayfarer needing shelter can come in and enjoy the warmth of the Yule log. The rooms are hung with holly and ivy, and a candle burns in every window, and there is plenty of *barm-brac* cake (made with stout, citron, and raisins). In Ireland, your favourite store gives you one for Christmas; here, the Irish Industries Depot at 780 Lexington Avenue will give you an authentic old Gaelic recipe. The same shop has sets of that opalescent belleek china, for around $35, or separate pieces for about $1. Irish or not, any one would like a cutting of Athlone tweed—enough for a coat or a suit costs about $22.50. Here, also, are Irish tobaccos, books, and stout blackthorn canes.

• If you go into Fortnum and Mason about now, you will wonder why we ever had a revolution and grew away from good old English traditions. The first floor smells of plum puddings and ginger and mince-meat and the ingredients that go into the Wassail-Bowl. It will make you want to start out singing "Good King Wenceslaus" from door to door, and serve snap-dragons after your Christmas dinner (raisins on which brandy has been poured and lighted), and invite the servants in to see the tree and have some port with the family.





• Austrian children know that it is the Christmas season when, on December sixth, the shop-windows display Saint Nicholas, dressed as a bishop, and a red or black devil with a basket in which to carry away bad boys and girls. The children put their shoes between the double windows that night, and, if these are full of fruits and candies and effigies of the Saint and devils in the morning, they know that they have passed inspection. The big celebration is on Christmas Eve, when the tree is trimmed and the crèche is set up under it.

Rena Rosenthal has beautiful carved wooden figures of the Nativity. These are made in this country and aren't too ruinously expensive. (You can see them on page 32.) She also has gifts that would make tears of sentimental joy come to an Austrian's eyes. The Christmas-tree should be very gay with tinsel and candies, and the Ideal Importing Company, at 1505 Third Avenue, have all the necessary things. In Austria, too, before the Christmas Eve dinner, the *Heilnachtmann* rings a bell, and all of the family troop in singing carols, led by the youngest member. If you aren't a very good carol singer, why not get some Christmas records?

Henry Mielke's, at 242 East Eighty-Sixth Street, has them. There must be music of some sort, as a preliminary to the gifts and the feast—a magnificent affair with jellied carp, goose and apples and red cabbage, mashed chestnuts and strudel. For Christmas sweets, Lebküchen and marzipan. You can get these delicacies at McCreery's Hostess Shop. And don't forget the wine. Christmas Day can be given up to digestion, rest, and Church.

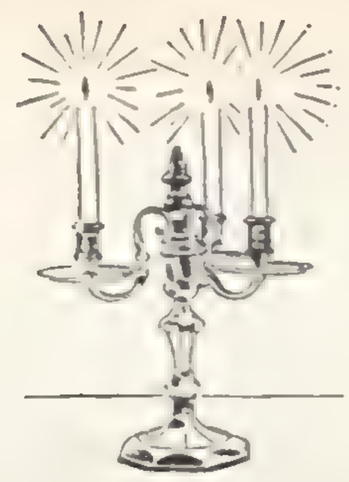
• Christmas in Latin countries is a religious festival marked by fun and feasting, rather than by giving. The Mexicans are particularly thorough about their fun, starting the week before Christmas and keeping up one long party until a week or two after—the same group of friends moving together from house to house, doing a lot of dancing and guitar-playing en route, and frequently getting themselves into good old Spanish romantic trouble.



On Christmas Eve, they have *peregrinos* (pilgrim marches), in which one of these groups carries a long board with statues of the Virgin and Child riding a donkey, accompanied by Joseph, and led by an angel. The marchers arrive at the house of a friend and knock at all the doors of the patio, only to be turned away with "no food, no drink," until, at the last door, they are welcomed with open arms by their host who was expecting them all the time. They deposit the Holy Family in a background already prepared for them, and then the party begins. The Mexicans have one Christmas game that would make any party a success, combining, as it does, athletic (Continued on page 84)

Shop-Hound spends all her days nosing around the shops of New York. While she can not undertake shopping commissions, she will be glad to give information. Write Vogue, 420 Lexington Avenue





HOSTESSES UNAFRAID!

There's no "zero hour" for the hostess who approaches the dinner with every detail "just so". When her guests are assembled at her gleaming table and the soup is served, not so much as a flutter is noted in her demeanor. She has seen to that — beforehand. And like the presiding lady herself, Campbell's Soups approach the critical moment "unafraid".

Cream of Mushroom — that soup de luxe — is made by Campbell's in unexcelled and sumptuous richness. Yet it is but one of many Campbell's Soups that are at your instant disposal — fully equal to any occasion. Soups that sum up and combine countless home recipes and home "secrets" and home skills, as adapted and developed and perfected by professional soup specialists in Campbell's kitchens.

Double rich! Double strength!

Campbell's Soups are made as in your own home kitchen, except that the broth is double strength. So when you add an equal quantity of water, you obtain twice as much full-flavored soup at no extra cost.



Campbell's

CREAM of MUSHROOM



LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

NRA CODE

Can you bear to wait even a week and 3 days?





Until a week from next Tuesday, you had better just content yourself with *hoping* that the Party Bag and "Blue Grass" will be among those present when the gifts are handed round. (If you want to hope audibly, there's surely nothing wrong in that.) . . . For the Party Bag, we're convinced, is the most glamorous company of feminine trifles that ever got together under one fascinating cover. Lipstick. Compact. Perfume. Prystal evening comb. Cigarette pocket. Coin purse and mirror . . . all in one slim, flat bag that can't *stretch out of shape.* It's $18 and $20, depending on whether you want it in brocade or in velvet or crepe..."Blue Grass", need we say, is that divine new perfume that comes from Paris, but makes you think of the blue skies of Kentucky. It is $3 to $125, and Elizabeth Arden has never made a fragrance so instantly beloved. And here is special news: Elizabeth Arden's AAA . . . the Ardena Automatic Atomizer, the perfect way of applying "Blue Grass", and every other perfume! $12. *Can* you bear to wait until Christmas?

Elizabeth Arden

691 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

London: Elizabeth Arden Ltd. Paris: Elizabeth Arden S.A. Rome: Elizabeth Arden S.A.I.
Berlin: Elizabeth Arden G. m. b. H. Toronto: Elizabeth Arden of Canada, Ltd. ©1934 E A



MARTINUS ANDERSEN

This particular Santa Claus is a large and beautiful cake of Elizabeth Arden's June-Geranium Soap in disguise, and it couldn't be more fun for giving or for receiving

ON HER DRESSING-TABLE

AND Merry Christmas to You! We feel that we have practically filled your Christmas list for you, what with the suggestions here and on pages 52 and 53, ranging from the festive foolishness of Elizabeth Arden's soap "Santa," above, to the crystal beauty of the Baccaret set on page 52. But just as we think we have done everything up superbly and forever, along comes news of marvellous last-minute things that we can only touch on as we rush to press.

• Kathleen Mary Quinlan's lovely bath essences have just been done up singly in silver-and-coral cases that would delight the heart of any lady on Christmas morning. Then, Miss Quinlan has made an ensemble of her Mist of Dawn Liquid Finishing Cream and Face Powder in a new pink-and-silver box that is charming.

• Houbigant has a huge box of fragrant dusting powder in a special "antique-white" finish that sets the "Quelques Fleurs" flower-basket off to beautiful advantage. The price is so small for so much good powder that you will hardly believe it.

• Potter and Moore's Mitcham Lavender has made its appearance in new sachets that look like lavender handkerchiefs tied in the middle. These are lovely and fragrant for dropping in lingerie and linen drawers.

• Harriet Hubbard Ayer has assembled all sorts of good gift combinations in new white boxes lined with white satin and lettered in white and gold.

• Lucien Lelong has a dashing de luxe version of his dusting powder box done up to look like copper with a wooden knob on top and a flat puff as big as a pie.

• There are some very handsomely gotten up new perfumes around town by Rue Dee, known as "Ermine" and "Plaid"—one being rich, the other gay.



MARTINUS ANDERSEN

Lavender is a practically infallible gift choice, and this set by Potter and Moore has Liquid Bath Salts, Complexion Soap, and talcum powder, all in the famous Mitcham Lavender



NELSON

This is the first time that Delv—the Primrose House darling—has made its appearance as part of a set, and here it is all done up for Christmas, with the Chiffon Powder and Skin Freshener, in a shiny black box tied with holly berries

Over 30—they have the skin of their *20's*

Titled beauties from 3 Nations examined by Dermatologists . . . . say they owe their youthful skin to the same Cream



The Countess Howe

—English beauty. "An unusually lovely skin—has the appearance of being years younger than her age. Firm and clear and fine-pored—free from blemishes." *London Physician's Report*



The Duchess of Leinster

—the only American duchess. "A remarkably fresh young skin more than 10 years younger than her actual age. Texture fine and soft. Excellent tone and suppleness." *London Physician's Report*



Her Royal Highness Princesse Geneviève d'Orléans

Comtesse de Chaponay wearing jewels by Mellerio dits Meller, jewelers to the Royal House of France since Louis XIV. "The skin of twenty. Firm—clear, fine." *Dermatologist's Report*

A WOMAN'S SKIN may be years younger than her age—or it may be years older.

Dermatologists determine the youth of the skin not by years but by the activity of its circulation. They consider its elasticity and, above all, the ability of its glands to supply rejuvenating oils.

They say that as early as twenty the skin begins to grow old. But you can retard this aging process!

Beauties praise this cream

The Countess Howe says: "I attribute the freshness of my skin to Pond's Cold Cream." The Duchess of Leinster says: "It soothes tired nerves—nourishes dry tissues."

While the Princesse Geneviève d'Orléans declares: "Pond's Cold Cream has prevented blemishes—roughness—lines. I would be lost without it."

Three famous beauties—from three different countries—all praise the same cream! This remarkable cream answers the three vital needs of the skin:—It gives a thorough, deep-pore cleansing. It softens aging lines before they crease into wrinkles. Finally, it prepares the skin for powder and make-up.

Use it at night—again in the morning—and whenever you freshen your make-up.

Your skin will gain new freshness and suppleness. It will feel softer—finer. Your friends will admire this fresh new beauty which Pond's Cold Cream has brought to you.

A NEW FAVORITE—Recently Pond's presented a *Liquefying Cream*. It contains the same specially processed oils for which Pond's Cold Cream is internationally famous, but is quicker melting. It cleanses—refines—prepares for powder.



Pond's Cold Cream cleanses thoroughly—corrects skin faults—prepares for powder

HOW OLD IS YOUR SKIN?

20? 30?

Specially processed oils in this cream

CORRECT SKIN FAULTS

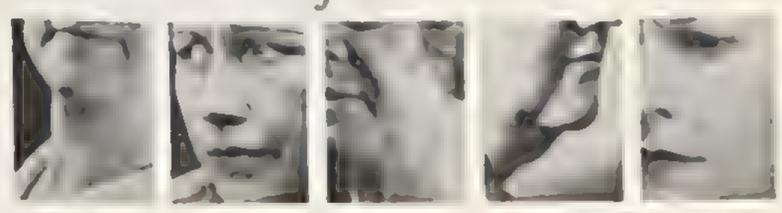
of the 20's



Roughness | Blackheads, Large pores | Dryness | Laughter lines | Little blemishes

FIGHT OFF AGE SIGNS

of the 30's



Crêpy skin | Worry lines | Sallowness | Sagging tissues | Discolorations

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR A GENEROUS PACKAGE

Pond's Extract Co., Dept. M, 56 Hudson St., N. Y. C. I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for 3 days' supply of Pond's Cold Cream with samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and special boxes of Pond's Face Powder.
I prefer 3 different LIGHT shades of powder ☐ I prefer 3 different DARK shades ☐

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1934, Pond's Extract Company



Vista blue, a heavenly new shade. In a glamorous new crêpe evening ensemble. The fox mounted jacket is tinted the same ethereal shade. Perfect for romantic southern nights.

MILGRIM 6 WEST 57th STREET, NEW YORK

Detroit Now Open—Miami Beach, 738 Lincoln Road Cleveland



This cherubic snow man is propelling a mammoth snowball that is really a Jack Horner pie for your Christmas table. It is made by Schrafft's and filled with Christmas favours chosen according to your preference

TURNS WITH A GOURMET

WE have never agreed that Christmas is the exclusive property of the very young—unless you mean the young in heart, whose very appreciation of simple pleasures makes them the custodians of all the major and minor joys on earth. Theirs is the knack of still wondering vaguely what is behind Santa's snowy beard, although reason tells them it is Uncle Henry nearly dying of heat. And it is the cockles of those light, gay hearts that are warmed by the engaging novelties to be found at Schrafft's at Christmas time. Schrafft's, with masses of poinsettia and holly, reindeer and star-flecked banks of cotton-wool snow! This year, we have a special fondness for the oversized snowball shown above, which is a Jack Horner Christmas pie. White ribbons come out from the snowball to each place, and, when you pull them, you get your present. We can't imagine anything more satisfactory for a dinner-party for grown-ups and youngsters combined or for a holiday party for the much younger set!

One of Schrafft's better Christmas assortments is the Holiday Gift Box that has three layers of good things to eat—brandied fruit-cake, plum pudding, nuts, cookies, candies, jellies, jams, pickles, and other things too numerous to mention. If you know some young newly-marrieds who are budgeting their way through the holidays, think what a help this would be in their entertaining. Schrafft's is a Christmas storehouse, anyway. If you should happen to go in there idea-less, you come out with your Christmas list filled.

• We have always had a great love for glacé fruit—so beautiful and shiny—, and, now, we have found some that is even better than it looks. Good to eat hardly does it justice—for it is superb! Big, firm cherries that make two bites, golden apricots, marvellous prunes, pineapples, green-gage plums, even strawberries. These whose praises we sing are the Lyons California Glacé Fruits, and they come to you in a handsome wooden box with a little Japanese fork business for taking them out. They are especially nice for the holidays, because they look gift-like and festive in and of themselves, and are to be had at leading department stores.

• The other night at dinner, floating around in our finger-bowl, instead of a flower, was the merriest little sailboat you ever saw. When all the finger-bowls were placed, you thought that the fleet was in, and the whole thing was fun. This was in a house that is completely boat-minded, where you can't turn around without running into a ship's model, so the hostess had leapt upon these little boats when she saw them sailing around at Tony Sarg's, where you can get them. Some people buy two or three to float in their aquariums and confuse the fish, and the larger boats can be used for numbering bridge tables. Mr. Sarg will also mount them on place-cards for children's parties, and they make a special hit with little boys who take them right off their cards and sail them in their drinking-glasses. The Tony Sarg shop is in West Ninth Street.



MARTINUS ANDERSEN

Schrafft's has filled these Christmas chimneys full of all sorts of Christmas tricks and candies that youngsters love. An inspiration would be to put a chimney over each stocking as it hangs from the mantelpiece

Peggy Sage DESIGNS



the smartest two Gift Sets of her career



Designed by Miss Sage especially for the exacting clientele of her New York, Paris and London Salons, these manicure gift sets attain new pinnacles of smartness and luxury.



What girl wouldn't be enchanted with the smartly tailored Leather Set in dazzling white, or in her favorite luggage color—brown, navy blue, or black! And who could resist the sleek Black Satin Set . . . wholly distinctive, and lovely as an evening bag!



Any one of these Peggy Sage creations will keep finger-tips (and toe-tips, too) in the pink of perfection for ages. And every set is refillable with her unmatchable salon preparations, which makes it a gift of world-famous manicures for many a year to come. Sold in the better shops everywhere.

Peggy Sage

MANICURE GIFT SETS

Direct from the Peggy Sage Salon
50 East 57th Street, New York

for Christmas Presents

Fostoria Suggests



Three charming table accessories—ideal for bonbons, almonds, and lemon slices.



Tiny birds for almonds—leaves of glass for salt—in crystal or colors.



This new tea warmer has a tiny candle in the base which does the trick beautifully.



The graceful bubble candy jar in crystal or in Fostoria's gem-like colors.



Two outstanding examples of strikingly modern design: the cylindrical and "triple action" cocktail shakers.



Has any home enough decanters? No! So here are two of unusual beauty, ideal for fine wines or liqueurs.

THESE are just a few of Fostoria's almost endless creations in beautiful glassware. Be sure to see the new Fostoria stemware and dinnerware in both crystal and colors, including the most glamorous color development in glassware—Fostoria's Oriental Ruby. Write for our free booklet, "Correct Wine and Table Service". Fostoria Glass Company, Moundsville, W. Va.

Fostoria

THE GLASS OF FASHION



This Christmas table decoration from London consists of a silver cloth, two white-potted Chinese crystal trees, a tinsel centrepiece, and white china plates

DECORATOR'S LOG

IF BOOKS are, as they should be, part of your Christmas list, The Holliday Bookshop offers a number that are not likely to be duplicated, since they are largely English editions, some of which will not see the light here for several months. And if you are interested in paradoxes, try to solve this one. In England, where food in general is notoriously bad, there is a constant stream of really special cook-books. It all began years ago with X. Marcel Boulestin's series of sensible books, which should by now have reformed every kitchen in England. Ambrose Heath has added two beautiful ones to the list, "Good Food" and "More Good Food," each embellished with entrancing drawings by Edward Bawden. Most of the recipes are quite simple to concoct, and all of them are fine enough to demolish our tendency towards tea-room fancies. "Good Food" reads like a chatty novel, and the ingredients of each dish are conveniently printed on the margin. A smaller diversion is offered by "Recipes from Vienna." England brought this one out, too—a nice bit of international tact. If you are one of those who remember the coffee and rolls in Vienna as being all you had hoped for, here they are. This book is a perfect present for dessert-lovers, since the chapter on sweets is more than twice as long as any other.

• High tea, as a real ceremony, has gone the way of all that is leisurely and unruffled, but not so the dishes that contributed comfort and charm to that abandoned ritual. They pop up at the Westport Antique Shop, at 511 Madison Avenue, in all sorts of unexpected guises. Leeds leaves and Spode leaves, once sweetmeat and sliced lemon dishes, emerge as ash-trays (these from about $5.50 to $15). Bits of Lowestoft, now dear to the hearts of new brides, once served as saltcellars, and the little flat dishes now used at the table to hold three or four cigarettes once held a dripping teacup while its eighteenth-century owner (yes, it's only too true) drank large swallows of the brew from his saucer. Old Staffordshire spoon-holders, their covers roosting on their bases like so many brooding hens or weary does, are successfully used as cigarette boxes and cost from $55 up. These in larger sizes are sometimes seen as receptacles for calling-cards on console tables in some of the loveliest houses in the country.

• Louise Edey, at 446 Park Avenue, deserves the eternal gratitude of those among us whose constant plaint is, "Yes, that's a superb lamp *as* a lamp, but it's wrong for my room." She has a lamp for (Continued on page 74)



This metal foil tree and wreathes from Gerard add to the glitter of the season. The tree takes on a luminous blue from its lining, and blue balls enhance the festive silver tinsel wreaths

MARTINUS ANDERSEN



IMPORTANT INSURANCE AGAINST THE FUTURE

Our standard bottled-in-bond (as distinguished from pre-prohibition) stocks of famous old whiskies will of course always be available, including such favorites as *Old Taylor, Old Grand Dad, Blue Grass, Old Mc Brayer, Black Gold, Bourbon de Luxe, Sunny Brook, Mount Vernon, Old Ripy, Bond & Lillard* and *Boone's Knoll.* As a safeguard of quality and adequacy of supply in future we are selecting and retiring for aging between 25,000,000 and 30,000,000 gallons from this year's distillations

THE *Christmas Gift* WORTH GIVING IS THE GIFT YOU'D LIKE TO KEEP

And who wouldn't feel that way about these 12- to 18-year-old pre-prohibition "vintage" whiskies!

The selection of gifts for adults is a very puzzling business. Tastes differ so subtly that anyone who picks out, say, an acceptable Christmas tie for his fellowman is either a hero or a genius.

The safest Yule solution, particularly when acquaintances, associates and business friends are involved, is that favored for centuries in Europe:

Give a beverage . . . a rare and choice beverage. Send the very essence of Christmas cheer in a bonded package.

The whiskies illustrated on this page should solve your major gift problems.

They range in age from 12 to 18 years. Most of them were laid down in charred oak before the days of prohibition. Time has made them soft and delicate — and noble! You'll savor the mellowing virtue of barreled years in their ripe bouquet.

In short, they're aristocrats of the old order. They never can happen again. They're just about gone and it's easy to get poetical about them.

To give a friend a bottle, or a case of these rare old "vintage" favorites for Christmas, is giving a gift you'd like to keep yourself — the one kind of gift that's genuine giving.

THIS EMBLEM NATIONAL DISTILLERS PROTECTS YOU

AMERICAN MEDICINAL SPIRITS CO. · NEW YORK · CHICAGO · LOUISVILLE · SAN FRANCISCO



20 minutes
To give you the
Radiance of the Twenties

A VERY SPECIAL evening climaxing a difficult, tiring day is no ordeal for the woman who uses Kathleen Mary Quinlan's Rejuvenating Treatment!

She relies on the magical power of Strawberry Cream Mask and Facial Oil to put life into her looks quickly at the eleventh hour!

Smooth on the rosy Strawberry Cream Mask for just twenty minutes . . . lines etched by fatigue and strain vanish miraculously. Tissues are toned and firmed! And, unlike other masks, this satiny pink cream does not dry, draw or overstimulate your skin . . . but leaves it clear, soft and tingling with coolness. You look as if you'd had a facial *and* beauty sleep combined!

Now, apply Miss Quinlan's Facial Oil to keep your skin young and velvety . . . and you are glowingly ready for your make-up and the evening!

Strawberry Cream Mask comes in $3.00, $5.00 and $10.00 sizes. Facial Oil is $1.50 and $4.50 a bottle.

FOR YOUR DAILY SKIN CARE, the 4 Quinlan Basic Preparations are vitally necessary... *Cleansing Cream* removes soil, impurities and make-up—freeing your pores for breathing, $1.00 . . . *Skin Stimulant* completes the cleansing, stimulates and energizes the pores—spurring them to healthy activity and proper functioning, 85¢. Now your skin is ready for *Special Texture Cream* —which nourishes the tissues, softening your skin and preventing wrinkles, $2.25 . . . Last applied is *Violet Astringent*, which effectively tones, refines and closes your pores—leaving your skin firm, fresh and radiant, $1.00.

The better stores have all my preparations, or you may write to me direct at my Salon, 655 Fifth Avenue, New York.

kathleen mary quinlan
Stylist in Beauty

Copyright, 1934, by Kathleen Mary Quinlan, Inc.

VOGUE'S SPOT-LIGHT

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51)

Russian princess in a highly artificial fashion, the play would have gained validity. Following our pet success theory, given this photographic surface, Rice has failed from a box-office standpoint by letting his story fall between faithful reproduction and obvious fiction. Even so, we were not bored.

Now for fantasy, which is an infinitely harder thing to write than realism, because you're grabbing out of thin air. You have no little photographic sops to throw to the audience. You have only pure humour, pure beauty, pure thought to please them with. It is our firm conviction that modern audiences are not attuned to fantasy without music, any more than they can be held by verse spoken aloud. They have neither the patience to wait for the development of an idea, nor the sensibility to receive a beauty alien to their daily understanding. Unless—the big unless—that idea or that beauty is the product of sheer genius. Mediocre writers can write excellent realism, but it takes first-rank writers to write fantasy.

Although we admire Sean O'Casey enormously for what he set out to do in "Within the Gates," we do not think he measured up to it. Baldly, we did not have a pleasurable evening. Lillian Gish was excellent, many of the lines were either lyrically lovely or warmly witty, but somehow we found ourselves alternately puzzled, irritated, and cool. The piece deviated between caricature and allegory, between Hyde Park gossip and mystic implication. We are convinced that if the spiritual conflict in the play had been closer and more vital to us than the hackneyed conflict between the suppression of orthodox religion and the liberation of individual courage, "Within the Gates" might have gripped us. As it is, the domination of the Church is too remote a theme to the average American theatre-goer to arouse his spirit. And its antagonist, the Dreamer, seemed to us a singularly sterile, futile symbol. But these are personal reactions. We may very conceivably be wrong!

The only other fantasy in town, "Lost Horizons," is tragic in that it wastes a magnificent idea in hopelessly inept writing. Here was a theme that could have fired the imagination. A girl, finely acted by Jane Wyatt, commits suicide through unrequited love. When she goes up to Heaven for her judgment, she is commanded to read in immortal ledgers what would have happened if she had gone on living. Her life could have altered and saved the lives of at least six others, four of whom were, as yet, complete strangers to her. The play then proceeds to show these individual lives, and how hers would have touched on them. A rich, exciting idea; now spoiled for future use.

Of all types of drama, period plays are up against the hardest problem. They suffer from a double unreality. There are no superficial pleasures of recognition; and the structure itself, whether historical or fictitious, is pure hypothesis. Unless the episode chosen is of vital humour or of vital pathos, written with past genius or contemporary verve, the audience has nothing to sink its teeth into. It is bound to remain play acting. "L'Aiglon," therefore, was a perilous adventure. Probably Eva Le Gallienne gave a magnificent performance, but all we saw were histrionics of the most thunderous kind. Every gesture, every inflection, was admirably preconceived; but the result was always an intelligent, gusty, broad-faced woman playing the part of a boy—a boy who, to our mind, must have been tenuous, stooping, shadowed, feverish, and afraid. Afraid, not with the fustian clutching of the hair with the hand, but with the silent shrinking of the sick.

Furthermore, verse simply does not work. Not even in Clemence Dane's fluid transcription. This cruel world is out of joint with poetry. When your security, if not your bread, is in danger and your spirit torn by a thousand material conflicts, you have neither the heart nor the time to listen to metered sentiments, unless they bear the imprint of a Shakspere. More's the pity.

Totally different, although in the period category, "Conversation Piece" was saved from being a complete vacuum by Yvonne Printemps' brilliant gaiety and by the music and pageantry, which diverted the eye and kept the mind asleep.

Now that you know the elements of success and failure, my children, go ahead and write a play. It can't fail!

RULES FOR ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

ANY reader can obtain from Vogue Information Service answers to questions on social conventions, customs, entertaining, and matters of etiquette; on costume and fashion; on household decorations; on shops and wholesale houses dealing in merchandise of interest to Vogue readers; and on other subjects that fall within the scope of this magazine.

RULES FOR CORRESPONDENTS

(1) The name and address must be legibly written or printed at the beginning or at the end of every letter.

(2) In order to answer all inquiries promptly, Vogue suggests that as few questions as possible be asked in any one letter; a reply may be delayed because of the totally unrelated questions contained in a letter, any one of which may require a considerable amount of research to answer adequately.

(3) Unless especially requested to keep a reply confidential, Vogue is privileged to publish any inquiry and answer that it considers of interest to its readers.

Ask your SANTA CLAUS *for a* DEVILBISS *Atomizer*



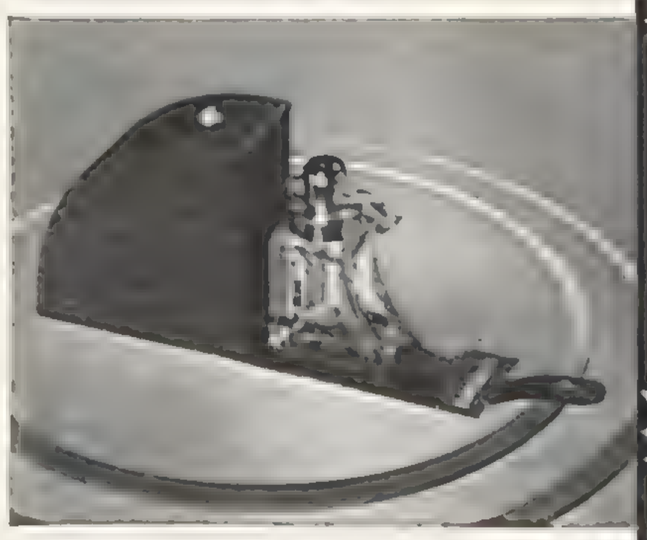
Now that leading perfumers agree that perfumes should be sprayed to bring out the fullest fragrance, atomizers have become an important part of every woman's boudoir accessories . . . The DeVilbiss Atomizer transforms a single drop of perfume into 2000 fragrant atoms. And its fine spray saves your frocks from any danger of stain. The exclusive DeVilbiss Closure prevents evaporation of perfume . . . Among the large variety of DeVilbiss Perfume and Eau de Cologne Atomizers, in imported and domestic glass, modern and period designs, you will find exactly the one which you want Santa Claus to bring you . . . The DeVilbiss Company, Toledo, O.



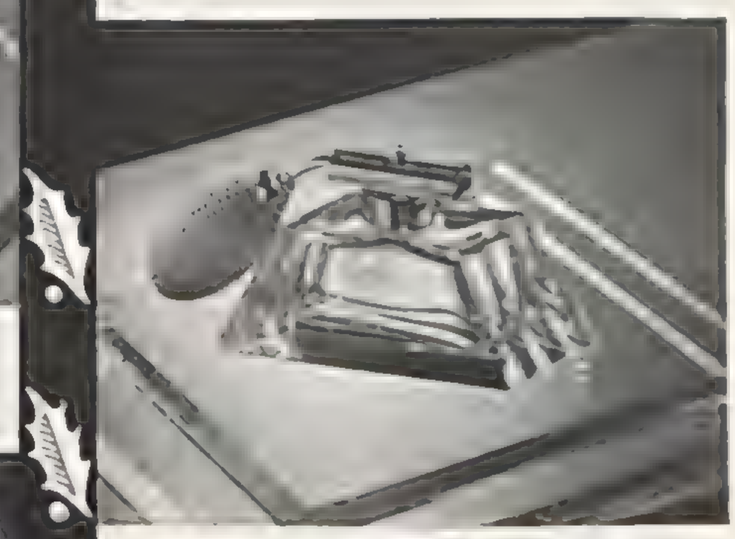
S400-1. Eau de Cologne Atomizer, rock crystal cutting; black foot. Equipped with six-ounce bottle. Produces soft, fluffy spray.



S750-7. Crystal or colored glass; metal parts finished in chrome. Equipped with non-evaporating closure.



S500-45. Traveler's Atomizer, polished crystal; gold or chrome fitted. Grained fabrikoid covered metal case; several colors. Closure-equipped.



S500-52. Crystal or black glass; chrome fitted. The new style metal part is equipped with button type non-evaporating closure.



S500-60. Crystal with chrome fitting, or green with gold fitting. Has button type non-evaporating closure.



S500-54. Crystal or colored glass. New style chrome or gold fittings. Equipped with non-evaporating closure.

DEVILBISS *Perfume Atomizers*

Viva Cuba

J. de Zayas

Wouldn't you like a
BACARDI Cocktail
as we mix it
in Cuba?



Then, please, Señor, do it this way:

1 jigger of Bacardi
Juice of half a green lime
1 bar-spoonful granulated sugar
Shake well in cracked ice

If you have been to Cuba, you have tasted *the* Bacardi cocktail. You know how delicious it is. And you may have wondered, perhaps, why so often you order a Bacardi cocktail in this country and find it—delightful, yes—but different perhaps from what you have remembered. Well, then, here is the Cuban way. So now you can treat your guests to the real, true Bacardi cocktail that every visitor from Cuba has always talked about.

A Schenley IMPORTATION

BACARDI

Schenley Import Corp., sole agent in the United States for Compañia Ron Bacardi, S. A.

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AVOID SUBSTITUTES—SEE THE BOTTLE

This advertisement is not intended to offer this product for sale or delivery in any state or community wherein the advertising, sale or use thereof [illegible]



MARTINUS ANDERSEN

From Bergdorf Goodman come the gigantic white poinsettia (right), the mass of leaves and berries in green, scarlet, and crystal, and a nosegay of gilt leaves

DECORATOR'S LOG

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72)

every need, most of them simple, for all their importance. Her old French *bouillotte* lamps—of antique brass with shades in either gold or silver—range from about $32 to $85. The crystal bases, their ornamentation in gold, silver, or copper, with shades either of paper, satin, or silk, start at about $28, complete.

She also has wood lamps silvered, gilded in gold-leaf, or painted a stunningly simulated lapis lazuli. About $23 will buy one of these, but more elaborate shades fetch higher prices. If a Cape Cod cottage is your preference, her early American milk-glass, brass, or crystal lamps are your meat. She has them, too—really old ones from about $18 up, complete. For more masculine tastes, she offers black-and-chromium columns with handsome shades that are chrome-decorated. These cost about $25. Express your wish, and she'll rub the wares of a much earlier vendor of lamps and produce your heart's desire! Than which no more can be said on any subject.

• However tiny Alice in Wonderland became after her unsuspecting gulp out of the bottle marked "Drink Me," she was a colossus as compared with the authentic miniature pieces of which Mrs. Bruce, at 725 Madison Avenue, has a dazzling collection. These little Sheraton secretaries, Bristol glass decanters, Staffordshire and Leeds services, and Worcester cups and saucers (some of them marked pieces of the Dr. Wall period) are no bigger than a minute, but must have taken months to make—if the superb detail and amusing conceptions are any indication. Each of them, no matter how casual your interest in collector's items, adds a colourful and decorative note to almost any English or French room. Their price is determined by their rarity, but they start at a few dollars, and, thereafter, only the sky and your purse are the limit.

• At The Ackermann Galleries, 50 East Fifty-Seventh Street, the decorative policy for the (Continued on page 76)



Irene Hayes will make up for you these tiny bouquets in their glass vases as a sort of super-Christmas card. The single urns (top and bottom), the red glass cornucopias (which can be sent in pairs if you want to do things up handsomely), and the group of three-in-one are equally enchanting. The iridescent spheres come in a variety of sizes and in fascinating colours

In the Fashion Picture

• Aboard. Abroad. North. South. Wherever society chooses to stake its gay frontiers—camera clicks punctuate the doings and goings of the fashionable. Whenever and wherever the gay generation forgathers, their cameras accompany them. They are due to be mentioned in many a Christmas thank-you note as "the grandest gift you could have sent." And here are four runners-up in popular favor—as you see by their distinguished company on this page.



• Mr. Charles Lanier Lawrance, Francis and Emily Lawrance—are snapped here by Mrs. Lawrance. They'll soon leave Long Island shores for their plantation in South Carolina. Cameras go, too, for the Lawrances are as eager for snapshots as for quail.

The Kodak Miss Emily Lawrance is holding is a Six-16 with *f*.4.5 lens. Registers with amazing sharpness whether you click in sun or shade. Priced at $40.



• (Above) When William Rhinelander Stewart goes on his annual land cruise to Florida, his Kodak Vollenda goes, too. He's keen on golf and is soon to leave New York's fog-swept river for a sunny Florida fairway.

If you're whimsical about picture taking, here's *your* camera, too. With its four inches of versatile ingenuity, the Vollenda will do a job indoors, outdoors. Priced at $22.50 and $33.50, according to the lens.



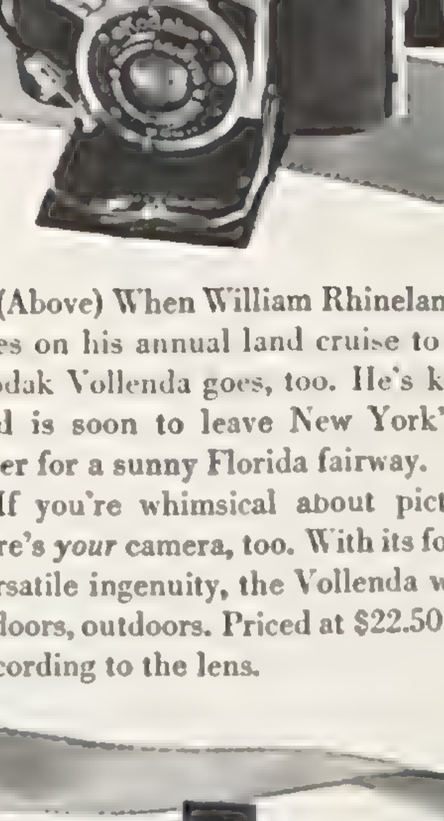
• Mrs. Francis McNeil Bacon III, known professionally as Toni Frissell, is seldom seen without her Recomar. Skiing is her hobby, and she'll soon be gliding over the snows "up Franconia way."

You're stepping ahead in camera circles when you carry a Recomar, as does Mrs. Bacon. Has a ground-glass focusing back—works congenially with many kinds of film. $46 and $55.



• (Right) When Mrs. John Harriman's finger isn't clicking the shutter, it is doing the same by a typewriter's keys. Pictures are her hobby—snapshots—word-shots. She's the author of many a New Yorker *Profile* that has etched a personality into public consciousness.

Mrs. Harriman is seen here with her favorite Kodak Duo. This is a small camera, but it takes a sizable picture. Comes from overseas—it has an eye-level finder—a total disregard for weather—and is so speedy it will "stop" the *Zephyr*. $52.50. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.





Adv





TO *give* Millot's Parfum Crêpe de Chine is testimony of your impeccable taste. To *receive* it is subtle evidence of the giver's high regard. To *possess* it is to number it among your most prized possessions.

● Millot's Parfum Crêpe de Chine, and its companions in fragrance, are all available at better stores. The de luxe bottle, pictured above, is $30.00. Smaller sizes begin at $10.00.

● Parfum Crêpe de Chine is just as enchanting when encased in the simple crystal bottles, priced from $1.25 to $6.

● Powders, too, are now available in this same scent. Face powder, $1.50, Talcum powder, $1.00, Dusting powder, $3.50.

● Eau de Toilette Crêpe de Chine is a delightful and charming companion in fragrance that more and more women are adopting, $3.50.

● To make the ensemble complete the thoughtful giver will include the silk handmade Sachette Crêpe de Chine, priced from $1.00 to $4.00.

Crêpe de Chine

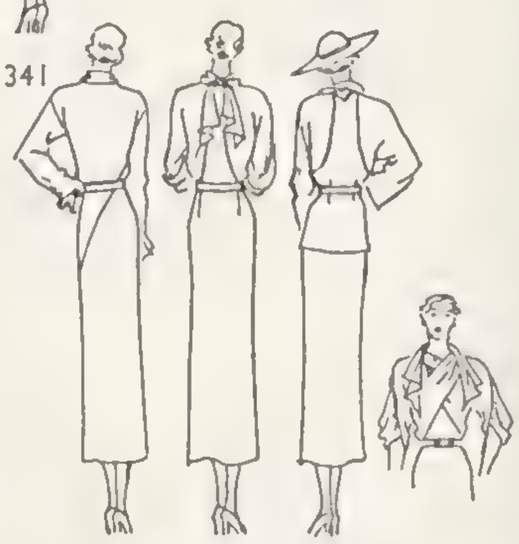
PARFUM *by* MILLOT · PARIS

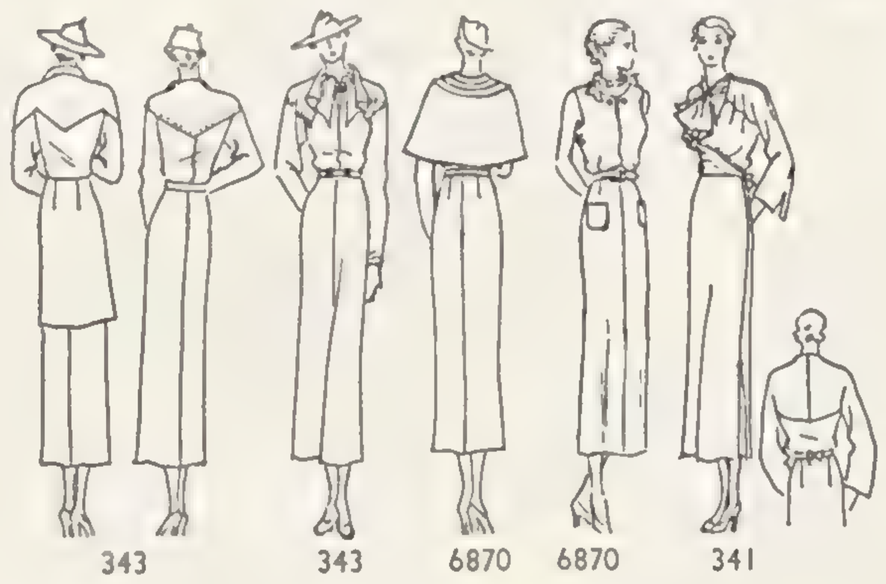
DESIGNS FOR DRESSMAKING



Lined up at the left are the smartly detailed back views of the models that are illustrated on page 64. They are designed for sizes: S-3768 and 6874 in 12 to 40; 6865 in 14 to 40; and 341 in 32 to 40

Distinctive cut and interesting new details are the high lights of the models sketched at the right and below. They're shown in larger detail on pages 64 and 65. Designed for sizes: 342 in 32 to 42; S-3770 in 14 to 42; 343 in 14 to 40; and 6870 in sizes 12 to 40





DECORATOR'S LOG

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74)

bright new season is "give them the bird"—hand-carved ones, beautifully done and hand-coloured in the true plumage of the wild duck, the quail, the pheasant, and the grouse. Their use is not restricted to the shooting-box of some game enthusiast, for, mounted as they are on tiny pedestals, they make a striking ornament in a Chippendale what-not or, in a larger size, are used to smart advantage as book-ends on a handsome drum-table. These birds range from about $6.50 to $50 in price.

• At Alice Sydnam's, 485 Madison Avenue, there are eighteenth-century occasional ornaments that, for sheer good taste and livability, warm the cockles of your heart. Most unusual are her bits of papier-mâché—vivid, lustrous, and hardy enough to survive the rigours of twentieth-century use. She has coasters costing about $40 a pair, fans for mantel decoration at $50 for two, stationery boxes that look like miniature roll-top desks, from about $40 to $50, and plaid match-boxes in gay clan tartans of about the same antiquity. Serving-trays, portfolios, card-salvers, and chairs complete one of the most extensive and beautifully preserved collections of papier-mâché in town.

• Ginsburg and Levy, 815 Madison Avenue, whose opinion on the authenticity of rare porcelains has been sought on many an occasion, have an assortment of Battersea enamels that will bring rapture to the heart of a box-fancier. They have snuff-boxes, patch-boxes, vinaigrettes, and even curtain tie-backs ranging in price from about $10 to $75. One oval box has a pastoral scene at the top—a lord and his lady surveying their lands and castles with a look of smug contentment. The sides of the box are parts of the property not shown at the top, and the inside cover is devoted to a close-up of the lady in the portraiture of the times. All of these boxes are superb and cry out for a haven on a gallery or a pie-crust table or in a glass-enclosed cabinet of other days.

• Glorifying the salad bowl is the Christmas slogan at Regent House, 801 Madison Avenue, this year. See them in Wedgwood and Worcester, in Chinese porcelains, old and semi-old, and in reproductions of fine English pottery—and don't forget to look at a nineteenth-century one in lettuce-green, in leaf design, at about $30. These bowls fill a need, for they are big enough for the proper mixing and highly decorative, as well.

STAR-WRAGGE SCORES IN WOOL . . . AND . . . IT'S WASHABLE IN IVORY FLAKES

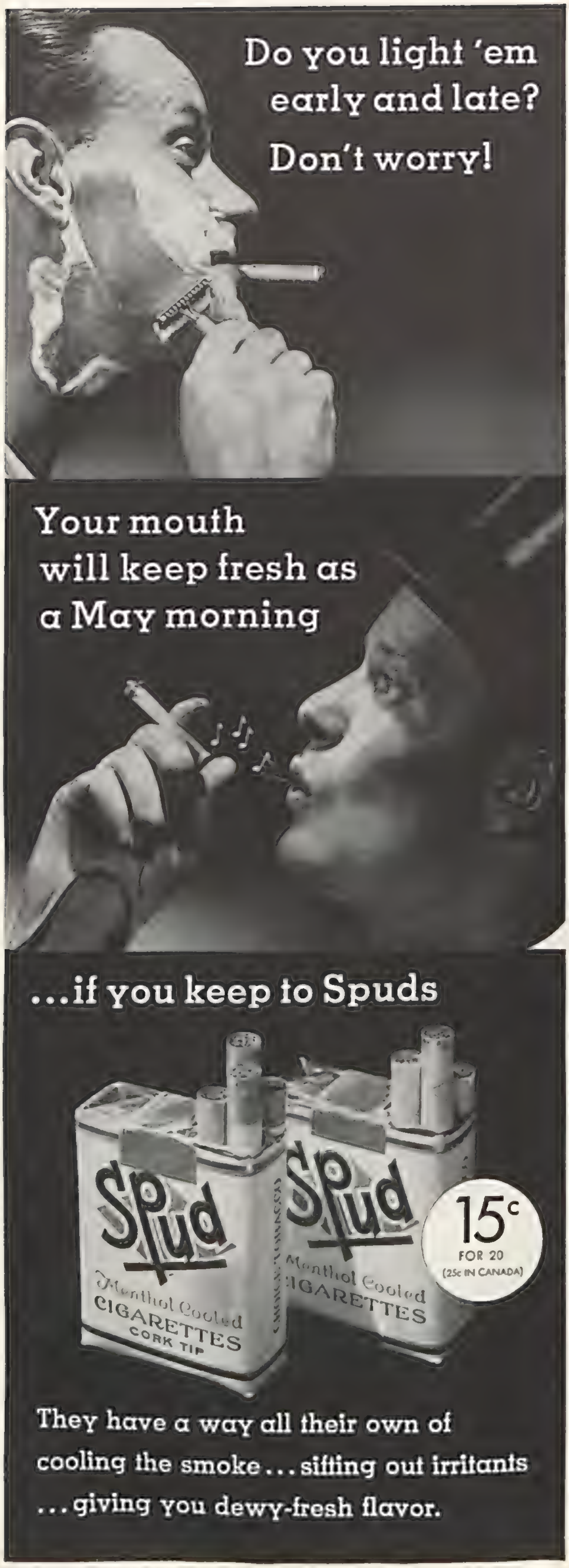


YOU smart women who know your tailoring and learned to love your Star-Wragge shirt-frock last year will rejoice to know that Wragge has made his 1935 version in tubbable *wool*. Featherweight, non-shrinking challis, in grand steadfast colors, that takes to cool Ivory suds as naturally as the duckling takes to water. No cluttery detail to complicate the ironing. Wear it—pop it into Ivory Flakes—it will still be bandbox fresh when the dog days roll round . . . . Price $18.95

99 44/100% pure

Available at: Lord and Taylor—New York City ★ Woodward & Lothrop—Washington, D. C.

THESE STORES, LIKE ALL FINE STORES, SAY: "WASH IT IN IVORY FLAKES"



DISCOVERING AMERICA

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35)

hot oil. "Gold," is the New World aria, "or death." The murderous will for gold is in all the air. The hands of women, the heads of men, the arms of children lie strewn like gruesome fruit over the vanquished land.

Over the seas, in the convent of the Carmelites at Avila, where the sun is crisp and golden, St. Teresa (that particular pet of Gertrude Stein's with "pigeons on the grass, alas") is taking the holy vows to emerge a saint in the generous Spanish periphery of saints; and Charles the Fifth, with his huge Hapsburg jaw and brilliant head, is advising his son, between affairs of state, that "Fortune has somewhat the nature of a woman, who, if she be too closely wooed, is commonly the further off," as he sits uncomfortably, the crowned king of half the European world, with more worlds coming. Now, Guatemala.

Indian gold rains down as Spain's confetti in marvellously wrought gorgets, small as midget frogs and large as banquet plates. Spain is at her heyday, the colour of flame and the colour of death. Dark-hooded figures walk the streets of Spain, rubbing shoulders with light-hearted rascaldom. Spain dances. And Spain prays. It is the age of chivalry and the age of Holy Orders. Poets sing of love, and exquisite lips of doñas smile. The Saviour and the Sword are one, supposedly. In the New World, Gold plays third in an odd, ironic trinity.

NEW WORLD NEROS

The gouty Charles is troubled. He is a man of heart. As for his New World *capitáns*, news of incredible massacres trickle in. Charles, in a quandary, commands mercy to the conquered, and less gold. But His Majesty is far off, and, in this new, gigantic land of operatic skies and mountains, a holocaust of chiefs go up like torches to the heavens. Not only Rome hatched Neros. The New World is speckled with them. The handsome captain hurriedly pens a word of explanation; his words go blithely. All is well, and His Majesty's wishes are being followed to the letter.

The tropic night descends. Stars come forth as large as saucers; a restless wind; and beyond the plateau the silent, mysterious mountain slopes rise dark, uncanny. They are a bit overwhelming; stupendous peaks, they flare up to the star's points above the twilight wood where pale and bearded men, like robots in their steel, shift heavily and creaking. There is a twitter of strange birds; the neigh of horses. Alvarado fears nothing now. The land is death-still. It is only years later, on his own death-bed, when asked by a companion, "Your Excellency, where is the pain severest?" that Alvarado answers, "In my soul."

With dawn, the conqueror observes more clearly his conquest. He has seen the best and worst of Mexico, but this is something different again, a staggering country, terribly big and weird, unreal, like a land that can be seen, but not entered. There are the peaks incredibly high and wild, as if they had roared to birth, and with a strange blue-purplish cast against the pure emerald of the sky. The great blaze of the morning sun sets them glowing brilliantly; majestic, a trifle sinister, they loom above the conqueror, unsmiling. He is on a plateau, five thousand feet above the sea. The wind comes crisp and cool. Broad meadows sweep out before him, choked with grass like a rippling sea, and below him the forest jungle of sheer, exuberant green, with macaws screeching and the ceiba-trees rising like towers, with vines of brilliant orchids streaming downward. Butterflies and humming-birds fly rampant, like sparks through the glow of the morning. It is pure magic.

RISE AND FALL

Alvarado dreams of a great city on the heights of the tropic world. A man of action, militant and assured, his city becomes a reality. Spain comes to Guatemala.

Palaces, universities, cathedrals rise above the jungle. The city takes on an Old-World air, becomes a living Spain, spreads wide and brilliant. Handsome façades front new-born streets; the royal arms of Spain blaze forth from the palace of the viceroy. And beyond, as backdrop, the great, unsmiling mountains with their strange blue-purplish tint fortify the heavens, vast and still. One day, they rumble to action. Alvarado's great city goes down like a house of cards.

To-day in Guatemala, the first two Spanish capitals, in varying and superb stages of ruin, still stand. The battle of death is over. Guatemala is as peaceful as a lamb, ruled progressively and democratically by a man who looks astoundingly like Napoleon—Señor General Don Jorge Ubico. (His picture is shown on page 35.)

TO THE CAPITAL

A safe little train takes you from the coast through the jungle land to the capital on the tropic heights. The coiling, aggressive green stands back from the tracks with gay malice. Native huts hide away in the thick green sea of trees; their thatched roofs patch the jungle with high lights, like notes from Gauguin. The spirit of the jungle is a strange thing, knotted and wild, unborn, so fresh and pure, elemental, waiting. Reverse the coin, and you have the capital.

It is useless to describe Guatemala. It is past description. But here is the natural flowering of life and the nakedness of beauty. Each man must see for himself.



COUNT DE MIRO

SERVE . . . AND GIVE . . . CANDY

Could you imagine Christmas without candy—lots and lots of the very best candy in the world? . . . Candy on the Tree, for the children. Candy on the table for everybody. Candy by mail, for friends far away. Candy round the clock, for the biggest candy-day of the whole year! . . . Here's a golden box of the very grandest you ever put in your mouth—the "Gold Chest", copied from the famous Mazarin Chest in the Louvre—filled to the top with Schrafft's Luxuro Chocolates. . . . You could settle half your Christmas problems with "Gold Chests", big and little, besides making sure of your own supply. . . . But, just for variety, check the list at the right, with its supplementary suggestions—the "Dresden", chocolates alone or mixed with delicate pastel bonbons—"Daisies", starring delicious homemades and chocolates—Bittersweet Chocolate Peppermints, for after-dinner service—assorted Salted Nuts. . . . Memories aren't dependable around Christmas—better use those coupons now!

SCHRAFFT'S CANDY LIST

	Per lb.
D'or Elegant ☐ 1 lb. ☐ 2 lbs. ☐ 5 lbs.	$1.75
Gold Chest ☐ 1 lb. ☐ 2 lbs. ☐ 3 lbs. ☐ 5 lbs.	1.50
Dresden Package ☐ 1 lb. ☐ 2 lbs. ☐ 3 lbs. ☐ 5 lbs.	1.00
Personal Choice ☐ 1 lb. ☐ 2 lbs.	1.50
Thin Chocolates ☐ 1 lb. ☐ 2 lbs.	1.00
Bittersweet Mints ☐ ½ lb. ☐ 1 lb.	.60
Daisies ☐ 1 lb. ☐ 2 lbs.	1.25
Assorted Salted Nuts ☐ 1 lb. ☐ 2 lbs. ☐ 3 lbs.	1.00
Assorted Bonbons ☐ 1 lb. ☐ 2 lbs. ☐ 3 lbs.	1.25

(Postage not included)

SCHRAFFT'S, 556-5th Ave., New York City . . . 16 West Street, Boston, Massachusetts . . . 1216 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania . . . 418 S. Warren Street, Syracuse, New York

Enclosed find my check for $ .....

Please send me the items checked at right:

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Mrs. .....
Mr.

Street .....

City ..... State .....

V-12-15-'34

Please send with my gift card this item .....

to the address below:

Miss
Mrs. .....
Mr.

Street .....

City ..... State .....

SCHRAFFT'S



"A Perfect Evening"

FLEXEES NEW STRAPLESS FOUNDATION
FOR OFF-SHOULDER DÉCOLLETAGE



● *Fashion has gone romantic. From the pages of the past emerges the picturesque period frock, revealing once more the serene bareness of feminine shoulders. . . . To meet the challenge of the new mode,* FLEXEES *has designed an utterly bewitching all-in-one with a half-way brassiere cleverly wired to stand up without the aid of straps. It is completely backless and strapless, save for two tiny arm-bands that are hidden from sight. "A Perfect Evening" foundation to add glamour and poise to your gala winter ceremonials . . . $15 at all the leading stores.*

FLEXEES
twin control
THE WORLD'S LOVELIEST FOUNDATIONS

ARTISTIC FOUNDATIONS, INC., NEW YORK

LOVE AND FOOD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48)

quarts of red wine a day are consumed in the kitchen. Father says Latin temperament needs wine.

October 11—Peter Holmes asked himself to dinner to-night—says every one is talking about our strange food. He came early to watch Guido make spaghetti sauce; says he is going to take up cooking as a hobby. We all sat around the kitchen drinking red wine; Guido enchanted—beat his chest and said it was olive-oil and garlic that made him so strong. Peter says that the combination bubbling in a pan gives out one of the finest perfumes in the world. Angela ran water forcefully in the sink and clicked around in her high heels, very annoyed that Guido was the centre of attention. Peter says he is sure her heavy, curling eyelashes would poke holes in her lids if she ever opened her eyes wide enough. Guido stirring onions and garlic and herbs (all I could recognize were rosemary, bay-leaves, marjoram, thyme, and *basilique*) in bubbling olive-oil, adding tomatoes and a glass of red wine—very important, the wine, he says. While all of this was quietly stewing, he made *polpetti;* it couldn't be simpler—ground steak mixed with egg, salt and pepper, and crumpled *basilique* leaves. He fried these with the tiniest baby sausages and added them to the sauce—all except the ones we ate out of the pan. When the spaghetti was done (it certainly didn't boil more than twelve minutes), he tossed it with melted butter and grated Parmesan cheese, added the sauce, and arranged the *polpetti* and sausages around the platter and sprinkled cheese all over the top. We all ate platefuls of it—large soup-plates—and drank much red wine. There wasn't room for anything else except a green salad and Bel Paese cheese.

October 12—Guido appeared at breakfast with his hair parted in the middle and slicked down. Cyril says Angela not to be trusted; her eyes are too liquid. Went to Schrafft's for lunch and ate lamb-chops and pease—they never tasted better.

October 13—Angela asked me how old Guido was and if he saved any money, adding that he was a "funny beezness." *Chilli con carne* for lunch; a good hot combination of red chillis, diced beef, and Mexican beans. Father says hot food is very good for you. Spent the afternoon at Elizabeth Arden's seeing what could be done about the six pounds I have gained.

October 14—Ordered a very simple dinner to-night with nothing hot or indigestible—old Mrs. Gorman dining with father. Guido in high spirits all afternoon singing "La Bohème" in the kitchen (he took Angela to the movies last night). Mimi's songs were rendered in a beautiful high falsetto. I went in to see how dinner was progressing in this operatic atmosphere and found him drinking from a large saucepan filled with white wine and ice. Said he had to cool himself. Angela stirring something suspiciously red and rich looking on the stove. Guido served with a decided lilt and a broad grin. Menu consisted of *albondigas* soup (consommé with meat balls, but what hot consommé!), chicken cooked with ground peanuts and ground red chillis, and potatoes baked in a casserole with sour cream and garlic. Mrs. Gorman ate string-beans. Never has a dinner been better or less appreciated by a guest. The chicken was apparently browned first and then cooked very slowly in the red chilli, peanut, and white stock sauce, which had a chance to work its way all through the meat.

October 15—Isabel Townsend for lunch, putting her fork gingerly into Guido's *gnocchi* as if she expected a rabbit to jump out. Served herself twice. She asked him how he made it—very poor taste at the table, I think—, and he told her that he used a half-cupful of melted butter to which he added a half-cupful of corn-starch and farina mixed, then one and a half cupfuls of hot milk and a little salt, cooking the whole thing in a double boiler, and "turn the spoon all the time, or it's full of lumps," he cautioned her. He adds a cupful of grated yellow cheese, takes the mixture off the stove, beats in two eggs, and pours it all into a shallow pan to cool. He cuts it into fancy shapes, butters the tops, sprinkles more cheese on them, and puts them in the oven to puff up. These are very good to serve on a large silver platter with meat and bright coloured vegetables; Guido is a master at this sort of artistry. Angela says it is a "funny beezness for a man."

October 16—Peter Holmes at cocktails asked Guido how he liked the present administration. Guido said he couldn't like a Democrat because he was a naturalized Republican. "When the man give me my papers he say, 'Guido, you always be a good Republican,'" so he thinks all foreigners are divided into Democrats or Republicans when they become citizens. Cyril thinks this is a swell system. Left-over roast beef for dinner, cooked in Madeira sauce with small green olives in it. Also stuffed eggplant—my very favourite dish. Guido chops the raw eggplant and fries it in butter with mushrooms, onions, and, of course, garlic. He puts it back in the parboiled shells and browns it in the oven with bread-crumbs on top.

October 17—Lots of guests for buffet Sunday-night supper. Terrible uproar in kitchen all day. Latin temperament again. Angela makes fun of Guido and says he is too old to dance; much beating of the chest and protestations of eternal youth from him. Radio going all day, and demonstrations of Arthur Murray steps with the broom. Angela boasting about the tango. Feared we would have no food. It was divine. Angela made an enormous tamale pie with everything in the kitchen in it, beginning with the old onion, garlic, and olive-oil combination, adding mushrooms, can of tomatoes, one of corn, plenty of chilli powder, and a can of stoned olives. She must have mixed it in the dish-pan, there was so much; diced chicken, a cupful of corn-meal, a cupful of sweet milk, three eggs beaten, and plenty of salt and pepper. The whole thing was mixed well and put into pottery casseroles and baked in the lowest oven (Continued on page 82)



Glamour of the Night

1 THE DU BARRY "REST" FACIAL
2 DU BARRY EVENING MAKE-UP

ENTER THE SCINTILLANT SEASON! Before dressing, a Du Barry "rest" facial is beauty's cocktail. First cleanse and tone. Then, a generous mask of Du Barry Contour Cream over face, forehead, throat. A film of Muscle Oil for fatigue lines. A nap. You'll rise to your bath—radiant. You'll use Du Barry Powder Lotion from finger tips to hairline . . . finish gloriously with Du Barry make-up. Du Barry Hand Principle Treatment is sweeping the smart world. Ask the finer shops everywhere for Du Barry Beauty Preparations—the Du Barry Hand Principle booklet

Richard Hudnut

• • •

NEW MODE IN MAKE-UP. Before an important evening, spend one glorious hour at the Richard Hudnut Salon. A Du Barry full-hour facial includes treatment of arms and shoulders and individualized makeup for this season's colors. Price $5 . . . . Richard Hudnut Shop and Salon, 693 Fifth Avenue, New York City

NEW YORK • **RICHARD HUDNUT** • PARIS





EVEN the most astute of husbands could never detect—unaided—the use of Notox on your hair. For Inecto Rapid Notox is no ordinary hair dye. This amazing preparation makes gray hair as gloriously young and subtly flattering as nature's choicest handiwork.

Instead of coating the *outside* of the hair, Notox penetrates *inside* the shaft—just where nature colors hair. Never a hint of that "dyed look!" Your hair looks radiantly alive—a soft and shining halo 'round your head.

Catch even your first gray hairs with Notox. It will match your own shade perfectly—no matter what that shade may be. But be certain you use Inecto Rapid Notox. Entrust your hair to nothing else. *Resent* a substitute. You can identify Notox by the little brown bottle with the crinkly green cap. Ask for Notox at any good hairdresser. You can get it at smart shops everywhere.

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LOVE AND FOOD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80)

for three hours, the casseroles sitting in pans of water. Every one went back and back to the buffet; say it was the best dish they had ever eaten. Guido contributed a chafing-dish full of long strips of veal and *zucchini* rolled in batter and fried in deep fat. Also a perfect green salad with baby artichokes and Bel Paese cheese added.

October 19—Overheard Angela telling Guido that Peter Holmes was "cute." Much snorting and beating of breast from Guido; Cyril says it hurts him to hear it going on. In his present loggy state, he would probably kill himself if he even thumped his chest with his finger. Father feeling a little ill. Let both Angela and Guido off this afternoon; fixed milk toast for our dinner.

October 20—Angela showed me pictures of a large patio in Mexico City, where, she said, she was secretary to the Minister of Finance—until he fell. Cyril certain now she can't be trusted. Frijoles and spaghetti both for dinner to-night. Must put a stop to this.

October 21—Guido asked Cyril to draw his savings out of the bank. Cyril very bitter about women. *Fritto misto* for dinner to-night, with Margaret Carr saying she couldn't recognize anything in its batter disguise. Played a game of seeing who had the greatest variety on his plate. Discovered tiny cauliflower hearts, brains, sweetbreads, calves' liver, *zucchini*, eggplant, celery root, and strips of veal. My very favourite dish.

October 22—Things have been happening fast. Cyril says he knew the house was going to the dogs when he tasted garlic in his morning eggs. Then Guido gave notice. Says he and Angela are going to get married and open a restaurant. Small place, very fashionable, under the Brooklyn Bridge. Angela very insolent and says she was never meant to be a servant. The food now is cooked for their own pleasure and unbelievably strong. Father has gone to a milk farm. Eggs Mexican style for lunch. Got recipe from Angela. She toasts six long green chillis and six tomatoes over a blaze, takes off skins, mashes tomatoes, and cuts chillis in small strips. Then she cooks a half-cupful of chopped onions in a half-cupful of olive-oil, adds tomatoes and chillis, a tablespoonful of almond paste, and one of chopped mint leaves, and a cupful of broth. When it is all cooked, she poaches the eggs in this sauce, putting a large slice of yellow cheese to melt beside each egg. Served with tortillas, it is one of those dishes to remember.

October 25—Had a long talk with Guido. Explained that he couldn't open a restaurant on three hundred dollars. He says Angela has a friend who is arranging everything. Angela's shrill laugh and clicking heels are driving me crazy. Mary Worthington for lunch trying to find out why they are leaving—very impressed with the dish of Spanish rice with lots of shrimp in it and served with a peanut-and-chilli sauce. Angela, in a new dress, went out without permission.

October 26—Guido asked Cyril what a contract meant. "He say, you give me money, I give you contract. Contract just the same as money." Angela had the contract, and it was her day out. Guido sang "Pagliacci" morosely in the kitchen all evening. Divine hot baby artichokes for dinner, boiled with plenty of olive-oil, lemon, and garlic in the water, and served with mushroom sauce poured over. I really think this is my favourite dish.

October 27—Terrible noise in the kitchen to-night; Angela yelling that Guido was an "old man and stupid beezness," and Guido yelling that he wanted to know where she had been the night before, and that he was a lot stronger than her Spanish friend who knew so much about contracts. Cyril duck-shooting.

October 28—Angela not in her room this morning. Nothing left but her uniforms. Guido frantic about his three hundred dollars. First wild duck of the season for dinner. Guido insisted that they needn't be hung if eaten immediately. They were divine and tender, completely rare and served with nothing but hominy cakes and salad. Guido very scornful over Cyril's coming home with only three ducks. Says in Italy they get many at a time by mounting a machine gun on a rowboat and coming up quietly on the ducks on the water, "You get a boatful that way; no use shooting into the air."

October 30—Guido has made spaghetti three days running. Begs to stay with us. Cyril says he won't keep him if he plasters his hair down. Looking frantically for an apartment.

October 31—Found Guido rehearsing in front of the mirror for a scene with Angela—arms crossed on chest, hair wild, and a faintly Mussolini look about the face. Says she has disgraced the house, and, when she comes to beg for a drop of wine and a crust of bread, he will throw her out to starve. Cyril says she will get good and fat first on the three hundred dollars. Found apartment.

November 1—Busy moving all day. Cyril says it's a sign of prosperity that rents are a little higher. Good for business. Hired a middle-aged Irish cook for father.



ON BUYING PICTURES

By H. S. Ede

SO often people say, "I can't possibly afford to buy a picture, and besides, I've nowhere to put it. I've got too many already." Or again, "I should so like to buy that picture—I think it perfectly divine. I don't know when I've had such a thrill for ages, but I might tire of it in six months."

Always these remarks come from well-dressed women, the very people who ought to be buying pictures as well as dresses.

"I might so easily tire of it," you say; but why take so serious a view about purchasing a picture or expect it to wear so well? Why don't you buy a new picture with the same happy regularity with which you purchase a new frock?

"My dear, I can't possibly wear that again. I've worn it quite a lot; besides, it's so old-fashioned, and I saw such a charming new one with bows this morning, and anyhow, Jane will be delighted to have the old one."

Some such spirit towards pictures would be as helpful to yourselves as to the artists. A picture costs, so often, far less than a dress. Why should it wear so much, much longer? Why should it stay on the wall long after you have ceased to enjoy it or even to look at it? You'd never go on wearing a dress after it had ceased to ring the bell of novelty, or had become unnoticed through custom, and yet this is exactly what we do with a picture. We buy it, we put it up on the wall, and there it remains from generation to generation, and soon we can not take it down because of the mark which will be left on the wall behind it. And so the early purchases which we have long ceased to like, which we have grown ashamed of, must stay, and new pictures can not be bought because we haven't any wall-space left.

THE PICTURE HABIT

But let us consider this complaint of wall-space. You don't cease to buy dresses because there is no room in your closet. You would either buy more and more closets to hold them (did not Queen Elizabeth die leaving two thousand dresses?), or you would give away your unwanted ones.

So with pictures, you should buy and enjoy while you enjoy, and then give them away so as to buy more. It's only a matter of habit; we have the clothes habit, but not the picture one. In clothes, it's so easy to slip from a small price up to a higher one, but a picture is always thought to be an extra, though in reality it is of great importance to you educationally.

A picture should be bought not so much as a possession, but as a means to understanding. It's really a cheap and easy way of entertaining the artist, who is a very special person and the salt of the earth. But his habits are often so queer that it would be difficult to have him living in the house—almost like a bull in a china shop. His pictures, however, are a very much easier matter; they take so little room and are comparatively so quiet to live with. Yet, in the picture, you are really entertaining the artist, and some of his experience can not help but enter into your life.

That is the reason you grow tired so soon of many pictures—your vision has been developed. It does not mean that a picture is bad because you have ceased to like it—it has given you your thrill and kept your mind interested; you have absorbed its nature and so can adjust yourself to something nearer to your improved standard. You give the picture away either to a friend or to a hospital; there are so many people longing for pictures, and you start on a new investment of pictorial experience. "I can't afford it," you say, still not having acquired the habit. Well, I admit that a new picture is not apparently so important as a new gown, but do remember that it really is the artist who sets the cultural standards of the world, and it would be a dull life but for his sparkle.

LEARNING FROM PICTURES

By loving a picture and buying it, so that we may become intimate with it, we are doing one of the most vital things towards our education, and, since in this we are learning, it would be almost impossible to spot pictures at once which would continue to remain well ahead of our development.

We need only look back into the past to see this, to see how little of the output of painters has come down to us as still vital. Yet, there were periods in the world's development when so much which we now think to be rubbish was greatly admired. The things which we still consider as marvellous, these things now in the great museums, were once the private inspirations of private collectors such as you. In buying pictures, you are doing the pioneer work for the museums of the future—you will sift the work through your hands until only what is perfect remains.

I have often wished that clothes were possessed of so durable a quality; some most exquisite dress, a real work of art, vanishes into thin air. The picture, however, remains. You can say: "Here at last is a picture of which I never tire. I will keep this one."

Buy pictures and give them away—don't expect them to satisfy you all the time—have change and enjoy the change, and, in so doing, you have the satisfaction that your enjoyment has also been the means of material assistance to the artist.

It is nice to have many pictures; to keep them put away, to bring some out at intervals, leaving them to stand about in unexpected places. All the gamut of the human emotions can thus present itself to you as you require it. Have you, I wonder, ever looked at pictures, at their colour, their texture, their general quality, to get your idea for clothes? Clothes have so often been the inspiration for pictures, but the shoe may well be on the other foot, and pictures be fine food for thought in making clothes. Something in the juxtaposition of colour or texture gives you an idea for material—an arrangement of different materials, an effect of colour. But this is only one of the many things which pictures may do for you, since they must, by their contact with beauty, open the doors to that world which is Beautiful.



The Duchess is NOT Embarrassed

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SHOP-HOUND

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66)

skill and favours. Go to Fred Leighton's trading-post, at 13 East Eighth Street, and get a large pottery jar. Dress it up like a child—you can add a small pottery jar for the head, if you get fancy. Fill it full of the small pottery pigs, character dolls, and such gifts that you find there; add Mexican fruits and candies from Victori's, at 164 Pearl Street; and then hang it, preferably in a patio, and let every one get a swat at it, blindfolded, with a stick—the onlookers making this as difficult as possible by swinging the jar. This is a children's game in Mexico, but it sounds diverting enough for any age. Of course, the ultimate idea is to grab for the spoils. Moneo, at 218 West Fourteenth Street, will also supply you with all the Mexican or Spanish food that you want. And some one in this intriguing shop will tell you how to make that Christmas salad—*ensalada de nochebuena*—that combines winter fruits, peanuts, beet dressing, and such.

• Of course, most of the Mexican customs come from Spain, although the Spaniards are a little more rigid about them. Almond soup, for instance, is obligatory before midnight Mass, and midnight Mass is obligatory for every one who can walk. The Spaniards do their gift-giving on January sixth, at the *Fiesta de Los Reyes Majos*, on the eve of which children put their shoes, or a basket or plate, on the balcony and find them filled with toys and candies in the morning. Music is the important thing for them at Christmas, and you can get romantic Spanish music and the instruments to play it with at Castellanos, 45 West One Hundred and Sixteenth Street. Or you can get it in record form at The Gramophone Shop, at 18 East Forty-Eighth Street.

• If you are Swedish, or just want to give a gay Swedish Christmas house-party in the country, Nyborg and Nelson, at 841 Third Avenue, will help you out with your decorations and your food. This shop has those pinch-on candle-holders and candles that young Swedish girls wear in evergreen wreaths in their hair when they go to waken the guests on Saint Lucia's day, the sixth of December. The apparition of a young girl with a flaming head carrying a strong glass of *glögg* ought to start Christmas celebrations off at a head start. At Hilda Helstrom-Gagnée, 145 East Fifty-Third Street, you will find all the bright, painted, three-legged candlesticks for the Christmas Eve dinner-table, as well as the paper runners covered with Christmas goats and the *Tomtar* (Swedish Santa Clauses); and for the tree, tiny woollen *Tomtar*, miniature flags, and gilt and silver angels.

Philip Johnson, at Thirty-Seventh Street and Third Avenue, has the candies wrapped in varicoloured fringed tissues that hang in profusion on the tree until the children knock them off! He has Swedish Christmas foods and will tell you all about making *glögg* and sell you the ingredients—*glögg* is an important part of the weeks of Christmas celebration. The food for Christmas Eve dinner should be cooked the day before, for no work is done on that day; hams and hogs'-heads and boars'-heads are cooked in an iron pot to make lots of gravy in which the family and servants dip black bread as a solemn Christmas rite called *dopparedagen* (commonly known as dunking). There must be plenty of *lutfisk*, a sort of dried fish, and rice porridge cooked in milk with sticks of cinnamon and served with fruit paste and sugar sauce. Feasting and drinking can go on until midnight, but you must be sure to leave something of everything on the table for the *Tomtar*, so that you will have good luck during the year.

In Sweden, Christmas gifts are for the children only and are very simple: carved wooden horses and goats, gingerbread animals, Christmas cakes, bags of candies or nuts, and warm, hand-knitted mittens or scarfs. Hilda Helstrom-Gagnée also has loads of typically Swedish gifts. And you can give them to the children yourself, without pretending that they came from Santa Claus. Father can dress up as *Tomtar*, but all he has to do is to tell the story of Christmas and retire. Don't forget to tie a sheath of wheat for the golden sparrow in a tree top, or aerial, if you are a city-dweller, for this is one of the most important rites of a Swedish Christmas. On Christmas Day, Swedish people load the family goat with gifts for the neighbours, or, lacking a goat, they dress up father, which isn't considered funny in that country. Bonnier's, at Third Avenue near Thirty-Seventh Street, will show you pictures of these costumes and provide you with the gifts, too.

• If you want a typically Norwegian Christmas, go to E. Danielson, 4811 Fifth Avenue, Brooklyn, for food; and to the Scandinavian Gift Shop, 5621 Eighth Avenue, Brooklyn, for gifts and novelties. And, of course, there is Macy's, in New York, a shop which does Christmas in every language.

• Christmas in Italy is apt to be a sleepless affair, due to the incessant bell-ringing that goes on from Christmas Eve until noon the next day—each church and cathedral calling loudly for attendance at midnight Mass. Every one who can crowd into the churches goes and watches myriads of candles lighted, and the same myriads snuffed out. You won't be able to reproduce the bell-ringing in this sleep-loving country, but you can get all the sweets, chocolates, pastries, and ice-creams that are eaten at Christmas at E. Ugobono, Sixth Avenue near Eighth Street; and the Christmas cake, *panettonealla Milanese* (full of whipped cream and rum), at Caffe A. Ferrara, 195 Grand Street. E. Rossi, at 187 Grand Street, does beautiful crèches, and no Italian Christmas is complete without one of these primitive, highly coloured Nativities made of clay. You can also get separate figures, in case you want to add to a crèche you already have. Red wine, music, and dancing all are necessary for the Christmas festival. Franco and Rossi, at 127 Mulberry Street, will see that you are provided with fitting music.

• If you want to be Russian, you are supposed not to eat on Christmas Eve until the (Continued on page 85)

SHOP-HOUND

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84)

first star appears in the sky (the Star of Bethlehem), and even then you can only have fish and vegetables and *cootia* and *uzvar*—wonderful names for sweet dishes made of rice and marmalade, candied plums, and such. But this doesn't exclude all the caviar you want, and the Vendôme (18 East Forty-Ninth Street) will supply you with the best to be had. After you go to church at three in the morning, you can eat and drink to your heart's and stomach's content; in Russia, all Christmas Day, and for three days following, the tables are laden with *hors-d'œuvres*, cold foods, and drink (vodka and plenty of it), and it is open-house everywhere. The Christmas-tree isn't lighted until evening, when friends come in for gifts, dancing, and supper —there is no end to Russian capacity. The Russian Bazaar, at 147 West Fifty-Seventh Street, has all the candies, dolls, gold and silver tinsel, angels and Grandfather Frosts, small coloured lanterns, gilt stars, gilded nuts, cotton gnomes, and glass beads and balls that are hung in profusion on Russian Christmas-trees. At the same shop, you will find a grand lot of Russian gifts and some of the best Russian tea in town. Much fortune-telling goes on at Russian parties: dropping melted wax or lead in water and judging the future by the shape it takes (invariably, it looks like a hunchback husband); or throwing shoes recklessly over the doorstep to see in what direction you will live after marriage; or asking the name of the first passer-by and taking it as the name of your future husband—a gay form of fatalism. You can have or go to all the fancy-dress balls you want at this season (they are considered sinful at any other times), and, as masks are worn, no one need know who you are except the hostess. Dostoievsky sadness is thrown to the winds, and the fun goes on for two weeks.

• In France, there is no decorating of the Christmas-tree, but the house itself must be hung with garlands of mimosa (if you live in the South where you can get it) or evergreens, or strings and strings of bright coloured papers. Irene Hayes will get the mimosa for you here, and the evergreens; the bright coloured papers can be picked up at Dennison's. Thomas Adams, at 63 West Forty-Sixth Street, has all the candles you will need to make your house gay in a soft way. If you would like to make your own crèche, the Librairie de France, in Rockefeller Center, has a wonderful book on the crèche, with colour cuts, so that you can see just what should be done. The Guild Studios, at 144 West Thirty-Second Street, or the Lourdes Shop, at 138 West Thirty-Second Street, have a large range of crèches from which to choose. The Christmas food question is very serious in France. There is no dinner before midnight Mass, although every one stuffs himself with chestnuts cooked in some favourite way, but, afterwards, every one returns home to a splendid *réveillon* feast, with every delicacy he can afford on the table. Vendôme will help you out with the pâté de foies gras, truffles, and cheese; and the Eighth Street Pastry Box will make pastries for you that would be the envy of many a Paris shop. The same shop will make you a *gâteau des Rois* (the final touch to the supper), full of coins or tiny gifts, half of which you must save for the sixth of January fête, and some of which should be given to the poor. If you would like a touch of provincial French, get sabots for your children to put out for their gifts—the Bazar Français, at 666 Sixth Avenue, has them.

• Noise is always a sign of gaiety and one which is understood in any country in the world. Shop-Hound suggests a family orchestra for a Christmas or New Year's party, with real instruments, if you can play them, and funny ones, if you can't. The New York Band Instrument Company, at 1166 Sixth Avenue, has all the triangles, flutes, cymbals, and whistles necessary; also the gadgets which make crazy noises in the orchestras. As children, we rehearsed one of Haydn's symphonies for days before Christmas and knew just when it was time to come in with the cuckoo, or triangle, and we gave a deafening concert on Christmas Eve. With the wonderful noise-things that are made now, you could have a fine animal symphony: cows mooing, donkeys braying, ducks quacking, and so on.

• Party News: The Swan's Party Bureau, at the Ritz Tower, will plan and carry through your Christmas or New Year's parties, if you feel a little vague on the subject yourself.

• Last-minute gift suggestions for children: Doll furniture that is real furniture at Eleanor Beard's, 519 Madison Avenue. Early American maple beds, chests of drawers, and dressing-tables made by expert cabinetmakers (about $12.50 for the set, or they can be bought separately). Miniature theatres at Abercrombie and Fitch's, for children who show histrionic tendencies. This is complete with drop-curtain, spot-lights, sets, and cardboard actors that can be manipulated with sticks on the side (at about $10). Also, an English stable—very lavish, with horse, perfect tack, wooden horse and saddle, shining stalls, and full feed-boxes—in fact, a model of horsy father's stables; at about $50 and pretty fine for the young hopeful in a horsy family.

• Animal-lovers are always touched by whimsical presents for their pets, and we've set out to please. All in the spirit of fun, we bought a copy of that fire-hydrant that Asta got for Christmas in *The Thin Man* to put under the Christmas-tree for our favourite Scottie. He has a grand sense of humour, but he will regard this, probably, as a mere practicality. Fine for decorating the dog-run. It costs about $5 at Saks-Fifth Avenue.

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KNOCK ON WOOD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41)

ends of paper streamers which break as the ship glides away.

Perhaps, however, you would prefer an old Anglo-Saxon custom at your sailing time. Then sneeze, oh voyager, as you walk up the gangplank! Make sure that your sneeze is to the right side of your precious self, and not the left. For man's right side is more potent than his left, and your sneeze to the right is your lucky omen for the trip. Your sneeze, according to a primitive belief, is deeply connected with your soul. Your soul has a way of leaving your body for brief junkets of its own without your knowing it. The sneeze is the signal for your soul's return. Surely, when you embark on a delicious journey, the soul hastens back from its own trip to rejoin you and rejoice with you. And, as a learned anthropologist once suggested, why not ensure the happy omen by taking a little pepper into your right nostril at the right moment?

Or, you may as well try to stub your right toe as you mount the gangplank. This, in many parts of the Anglo-Saxon world, is considered a good pre-journey phenomenon. It means that you will be welcome wherever you go. The same is held true if your right foot itches as you sail. So, how about a judicious dose of itching powder to be put into your right shoe a little while before you embark?

Well, then, you are on board your ship. It may be Friday evening. You wonder why the captain tarries until midnight. Indeed, it may be five minutes past midnight—it may already be Saturday—before the ship is in midstream and on her way. For not every captain or passenger is satisfied with a sailing on a Friday, this being not exactly a lucky day, for Jesus Christ was crucified on a Friday. When a Friday falls on the thirteenth of the month, double precautions are sometimes taken. I have before me a November, 1931, clipping from a New York newspaper, reading:

> The Cunard Line will hold the *Aquitania* in port until early Saturday morning to avoid departure for Cherbourg and Southampton on Friday, the 13th, according to announcement yesterday. The superstition that bad fortune attaches to sailing on that day has practically died, and no general complaint has been received from passengers, but nevertheless the ship will be held until one minute past midnight before pushing into midstream.

In other words, we are convinced that it is only a silly or quaint or picturesque superstition, but let us be on the safe side. However, if you are a truly modern human and do not believe in this charming nonsense of charmed Friday, then you will follow the example of that other great modern, Christopher Columbus. He started out on his momentous journey on one of the Fridays of 1492. And if you are a good American with a penchant for tradition, you will recall that another important voyage to this continent ended happily on a Friday: it was on that day that the Pilgrim Fathers reached Plymouth Rock.

To all the anti-Friday travellers, let me quote from the pronunciamentos of that eminent authority, Saint Augustine:

> No man shall observe by the days on what day he travel, or on what he return; because God created all the seven days which run in the week to the end of this world. But whithersoever he desires to go let him sing and say his paternoster, if he know it, and call upon his Lord, and bless himself, and travel free from care, under the protection of God, without the sorceries of the devil.

The greatest enemy of a traveller is, of course, not the devil, but plain fatigue. Suppose you are in Peru, and climbing one of the winding mountain trails. Before long, you notice the so-called apachictas at certain points along the trail. These are heaps of stones, apparently placed there by man's hand, though with no evident design or reason. But now your Indian guide says that he is footsore and tired. He stops. He picks up a loose stone by the roadside and reverently adds it to the apachicta. He tells you that now he isn't tired any more, that he has communicated his fatigue to the stone and is rid of it.

You may witness like incidents as you travel in Nicaragua, Mexico, Guatemala, also in Korea, South Africa, and many other lands. On the island of Timor, there is a certain practical variant of this fatigue-ridding superstition. There, wayfaring men and women fan themselves with leaves and branches before depositing them by the roadside at the sacred points where their forefathers deposited similar twigs. By fanning themselves, they may, indeed, cool themselves and lessen their fatigue; that part is a rational measure, the rest is an attempt at magic. But in the Babar Archipelago, the traveller would do well not to ape the natives. For there, the natives go to the other extreme and strike themselves with stones before depositing them in the sacred piles. This would hardly relieve them of being oppressed by the heat and the travail of the journey. Unless, of course, they do it in a highly emotional state and thus spur themselves on with the pain of it.

Now you are on your way home. What blessings of the journey are you bringing with you? For you should know that the luck of a successful trip lingers with you a long time after you return home. In Japan, for instance, it is the custom in certain localities to bring from holiday excursions tickets to be pasted on the entrance gates or front walls of private residences. Such tickets are considered as amulets or charms. But, while you fondly observe all the gay hotel and liner stickers on your valises, don't you find a certain liaison between them and the journey-tickets on the Japanese house walls? Aren't your stickers, too, the amulets of a returned traveller?

WORLDLY WISE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25)

minus colourful sarongs bathing by the roadside; religious processions that resemble those of Mardi Gras in New Orleans; children in rice-patties, priests in saffron robes; water-buffaloes, elephants, and bicycles, bicycles, bicycles—but topped with most unusual riders!

ADVENTURES IN FOOD

And so you shop. And food plays its part in rendering you tractable. It's true that you drink bottled water and omit uncooked vegetables throughout this section, but who, except a rabbit, would mourn for lettuce in the presence of a *reiss-tafel* (thirty-seven dishes for this two-word meal) such as you'll have at the Grand Hotel in Bandoeng and Hotel des Indes in Batavia? And don't miss the house-specialty dessert at the Raffles (Singapore), and scream loudly unless you are given passion-fruit ice-cream at the Galle-Face in Colombo.

Who, thus placated, could say "no" to the affable merchants who send guides to the ship, display their wares in hotel lobbies, and even pursue you to the dock itself?

Seasoned travellers, united by a common desire to uphold the dropping dollar, buzz advice in every port:

"Wait till Java for batiks."

"Brasses and silver bracelets in Madras."

"Star-sapphires and rubies, moonstones and *zircons* in Ceylon." (While we're dreaming, you might as well be a millionaire—the local papers will herald you as such: "American Millionaires on Pleasure Cruise"—and prices, of course, are adjusted accordingly.)

"Don't buy kimonos here—wait till Singapore"—that city being a prime favourite, since it's a free port.

"Zanzibar for amber and ivory—you'll find ivory twice as high when you get to Durban and Cape Town!"

In Africa, you might shop for a wild-animal skin or some diamonds from Kimberley. But you will want to spend most of your time enjoying the natural beauties—the unbelievable skies, Victoria Falls, and the eerie lunar rainbow, the remote grave of Cecil Rhodes at Bulawayo, and the unforgettable drive along the shore from Cape Town to the Point where Atlantic and Pacific meet.

To see inner Africa, you must take an "optional" tour, but, if it's a first trip, you might as well sign for the various choices in shore excursions. Maybe you're not the travel-agency type in London and Paris, but it's a comfort, while you're watching several hundred recent-savages in war-dance, to know that the young man from Cook's is there, too; and that, with only one day to spend ashore, a car is waiting when you hop off the tender, with entertainment planned, an edible luncheon ordered in advance, no customs inspection, no misunderstood directions, no haranguing over prices, and no missing the boat! You can do it more cheaply yourself—*if you can do it at all!* That's the trick, and that's what you pay for—the travel bureau's knowledge and experience.

Last winter, the exchange was against us in all British, Dutch, and French colonies, which fairly well covers the territory until South America, and there our financial pride was revived with a dollar able to buy four pesos in Buenos Aires. By some legerdemain, which I don't understand in spite of all explanations, this meant that you could buy camera equipment and other articles manufactured in the U. S. A. for less than you could at home! And it also did kind things, for us, to French perfumes and other importations, as well as to Argentine wools and beautifully made luggage.

But if national pride was revived, your personal vanity took a swift sock in the jaw.

FEMININE COMPETITION

It hadn't been particularly hard to hold your own with native women, romantic legend to the contrary, and with those of the British colonials (foreign papers, don't copy), but one look at the señoritas of Buenos Aires—dark, svelte, and sophisticated beyond belief —, and you suddenly realize that your clothes are not only completely shabby and outmoded, but were probably all wrong to start with, that you've put on ten pounds weight, that you need a wave, a facial, a manicure, a complete new style of make-up, and anything else that's lying around. You understand now why Paris is rumoured to heave a sigh of relief in October and, as one man, exclaim joyously, "The Americans are gone, the Argentines are coming—hurrah, hurray!"

However, you realize reluctantly that your appearance can't be made over in a day, so you may as well give yourself to the worldly pleasures of that Second Paris—the luxurious hotels, the shops of Calle Florida, the magnificent Jockey Club; then snatch a glimpse of the most impressive opera-house in the Western world (though it won't be the season), and finish the night at the smart Club Charleston, and listen to the sweetest music—but I'd better stop.

It's fitting that you should turn towards home with a last memory of the twilight view of the lighted figure of Christus Redemptor stretching arms in benediction over the jewelled city that curves about the most beautiful harbour in the world.

The *most* beautiful?

Yes. But still—

You remember Sydney's harbour and bridge, and the breath-taking green lanes of Kalabahai.

That's my tragedy: whereas once I was homesick for only one place at a time, now I'm struck with sickening nostalgia for at least forty-nine!

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of thee i sing



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NIGHT ACROSS AMERICA

By Princess Urach

THE start was really in my hostess's garden high above the Pacific in California. I had washed my hair and was drying it in the wind among a lot of setters and lemon flowers. The cañon smelt of thyme, and it was hot. The telephone—a special plane to the East—thirteen hours—break the Passenger Record—Wallace Beery cancelled his place—will I go? Indeed and I will. Quick—luggage, money, passport, a car, and whirlwind departure.

But can we make it in time? Yes—the barriers, a crowd, photographers, and there at last the plane, shining, steely, concentrated expression of line in movement. The newest metal jewellery from Paris could not give so strong a sensation of advance fashion, violently modern.

Now really, half the importance of this trip was the Farewell. For about an hour before I arrived, important lights in the firmament of moving-pictures had been standing gracefully around, flashing dental smiles at a battery of photographers from behind a screen of orchids and roses. For no one seems to be in the least superstitious. In Europe, not so. No Italian aviator, for example, would care to carry flowers, and I well remember in making a flight from Albania how I had to surrender even a farewell bouquet of carnations from the Queen Mother, because of the belief of *Fiori per i Morti* (Flowers for the Dead), and there was no place where one could risk a landing in the Greek mountains.

"The departure"—how overdone, how familiar, and yet how eternally "in the news"; Tristan and Isolde, Dido and Æneas, the Farewell, the Setting Out. We will never get sick of it.

GOOD-BYE AGAIN

There is Kay Francis then, her pretty ankles well in view on the ladder. Good-bye, good-bye, see you soon in Paris. Click. Annabella, who is really going, also on the ladder (those heels were probably thought out by Pinet or Perugia), throws one last shattering smile to the enthusiastic crowd, click, and leans on the strong and protecting arm, click, of Jean Murat, click, click, click. The Comtesse de Frasso (adjust the lens) in a spotted pony coat in black-and-white makes every one else think how nice, if it were not ninety-nine degrees in the shade, to have a spotted pony coat in black-and-white.

A lot of other celebrities (they must be, because this is an advertisement flight and their cigars smell so expensive) stow themselves and their effects inside. Here we are then, shut up in a steel tube and about to be projected into space and infinity at a rate of over two hundred and fifty miles an hour. What could be more thrilling and delightful? It savours of Jules Verne, of the professors shooting cats to the moon in mechanical cannon-balls (they really do, you know, only no one can ever tell what becomes of the cats).

Here we shoot gaily along then, luncheon basket and all. Underneath is the most amazingly beautiful stretch of California country, just as you see it in the coloured travel catalogues, only much nicer. Fantastic mountains on the left; on the right, deserts, rose coloured as the day dies, pale yellow, reddish, with here and there a little shining lake.

To a European unaccustomed to such enormous breadth, distance, and freakish geology, it is breath-takingly beautiful, vast, and grand. I have flown on almost all of the big world air-lines, but I have rarely seen anything that impressed me so much.

An important thing about the plane is its curious lack of noise. I stuffed no cotton in my ears and, in spite of the great speed, could talk in comfort.

STOP IN NEW MEXICO

At last, after a futurist sunset, we arrive in New Mexico and swoop to earth in a hot desert. Now surely a little air and rest—no, crowds of cheering people, more photographers, more lights. The quiet earth all around stretches dark to far horizons; the sky is pale and luminous, lit here and there by an early star.

In New Mexico, you look, of course, for New Mexicans, and there they stand around, these strong and silent heroes of the flapper's dream, looking as if they had just burst a broncho or discovered a gold-mine, or whatever one does in these deserts.

In again and off again. The night comes up quickly, and it is dark by the time we get to Somethingville. More photographs, cheers, and noise, lots and lots of people peering at celebrities descending a little shakily from the ladder for a breath of air, a drink. Somebody makes a speech. I think the comedian. Then on, and now it is really night, and we are up among the crowd of stars and planets and constellations, and that desolate, beautiful earth fades away in the dark below. On and on, roaring through space, nearer and nearer to my pretty little fat baby, sleeping safely, I hope, in her Italian bed. That is fun. That is why you, dear reader, go all around the world—just for the pleasure of coming home. Do you remember in your nursery edition of the *Arabian Nights* the picture of the Genie who carried lovely sleeping ladies from far countries to their beds at home? How strong, how dazzling, how competent. That's the way I feel about aviation.

But now, rocking dreamily, and perhaps a little sickly, up there in the dark, brooding over this vision of America from the top, suddenly I admire a terrible storm of lightning on the horizon. We are going right there. *Ooo* roars the wind, *grrr* goes the grinding vibration. *Whizz*, the lightning. "Kansas City lies over there," screams somebody above the roar. A sudden wind catches the plane. She veers, tosses here and there, drops suddenly, and recovers. O, delightful America, are you to be my grave?

Brilliant, dazzling night. Lightning plays round us, quivers and glows on the horizon, rushes to earth in jagged streaks. Thousands of stars sway dizzily through the windows.

Lovely Annabella looks a little faint. Lucky . . (continued on page 89)

SOCIETY

BIRTHS

NEW YORK

Baldwin—On October 24, in Nantes, France, to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Clark Baldwin, third (Marthe Guillon Verne), a son, Stephen Verne Baldwin.

Borden—On November 11, to Mr. and Mrs. Donald Borden (Mary S. Baker), of Adams, Massachusetts, a daughter.

Clayburgh—On October 25, to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Henry Clayburgh (Barbara Corlies), a son.

Dunlaevy—On November 10, to Mr. and Mrs. James Bernard Dunlaevy, junior (E. Helen Thompson), a daughter.

Francke—On November 10, to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Francke, junior (Eleanor FitzGerald), a son.

Hester—On November 12, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Baker Hester (Eleanor W. Boardman), a son.

Soutter—On November 1, to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas G. Soutter (Hildreth Callanan), of Forest Hills, Long Island, a son, Thomas Douglas Soutter.

Werlemann—On November 19, to Mr. and Mrs. George E. Werlemann (Dorothy J. Achells), of Rumson, New Jersey, a daughter.

BIRTHS (Cont.)

BEVERLY HILLS

Curran—On October 15, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Keet Curran (Adele Finch), of Beverly Hills, California, a daughter, Adele Sharon Curran.

ELMIRA

Mooers—On October 26, to Mr. and Mrs. Edward A. Mooers (Estella Nelson Hollenback Welles), a daughter, Katherine Nelson Mooers.

OKLAHOMA CITY

Jordan—On October 15, to Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Jordan (Julia Lee Pottenger), a daughter, Julie Jordan.

PARKERSBURG, WEST VIRGINIA

Rathbone—On October 7, to Mr. and Mrs. William Vinton Rathbone (Virginia Smith), a son, Allan Monroe Rathbone.

POUGHKEEPSIE

Cartwright—On October 23, to Mr. and Mrs. Walter A. Cartwright (M. Janet Bartlett), of Cambridge, Massachusetts, a daughter.

WATERBURY

Kellogg—On October 15, to Mr. and Mrs. Frederick R. Kellogg (Lucy Templeton), a daughter, Judith Munson Kellogg. (Continued on page 92)

NIGHT ACROSS AMERICA

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88)

Annabella; her husband lays her head against his shoulder to comfort her. If only I could have my head on my husband's shoulder. I would not mind so much—yes, I would, a hundred times more. Much better to face this alone, composedly, like being sick.

Up again and on again and crack, whizz, more lightning—the air takes on that blue-whitish glare so familiar to those who work in spot-lights. Then a shower of hail patters and stings with a loud clattering noise on the wings. It sounds as if everything must be broken. For my part, I was quite sure, as the plane dived downwards, that this was the end, and composed my mind as best I could, a healthy exercise. How? Well, I took a deep breath and thought hard of my baby.

Bob Woolsey, the comedian, my neighbour to the left (and surely, dear fans, you know him better than I), seized my hand kindly and said was I frightened? I was, and stiff, but I said no, was he? Yes, indeed, he said, and held firmly to my hand, having imagination and a kind heart. Is it not absurd, fantastic, to have one's hand held by a famous comedian at an altitude of God knows what, dropping down on the roofs of Kansas City at a rate of lots of things per hour? It savours of Luna Park and Paradise Lost. Mix it then with chicken sandwiches, some producers and stars, theatrical and nature, and the whole effect is yours.

Gravely, after all this tragi-comic night, one of the pilots pours out equal portions of fresh cream and orange-juice into funny little paper cups on the floor. He does this with so much concentration that it takes on the importance of a mystical rite. There we all are, alive, and at least the stronger stomached among us are about to eat a hearty American breakfast—the cream and orange-juice, excellent coffee, strawberries. I even saw the fragile Annabella attack an immensely nourishing chicken sandwich.

During breakfast, there appeared far below wh[illegible] imagi[illegible] was the Middle West. But if that is really the Middle West, then how enormous a Middle it is.

Like an endless theorem—was that the word?—in a geometry book; let that be a straight line, let it be bisected at X by another straight line. Let O be a superlateral quadrilateral—just like that.

I never was much good at it, and to look down from the top at the Middle West makes my head ache, and I long wickedly to make a curving canal, in and out in loops, a straggly wood, a senseless road . . . irregular lumps of mountain. That's what is oppressive, it is so terribly sensible. Straight roads are certainly tidier and quicker than curved ones, because Julius Cæsar said so. It must be true.

And who could walk along these amazingly neat lines if his trousers came out of crease? Never had I flown over so monotonous a country except, perhaps, that endless disaster of rubber plantations that is Malay, but there I had felt particularly bitter because I once bought some shares instead of a diminutive island I coveted off the shores of a cousin's property in Norway.

At last the Middle West becomes the East. We fly straight into the sun. A final lift of our wings, and we glide gently over New York City. Now, dear reader, I know this is quite the wrong way to arrive in New York City, because then what is the good of the sky-line, and what not? No building, however tall, is impressive from the top. But can you think how I loved it, its sheltering houses, its solid streets that did not drop about crazily? How comfortable it felt to be safely in bed in New York, how much nicer to wake up there than in Paradise or Purgatory.

I am desolate, dear America, to leave you, the more so because the astrologer in Peking told me I would find riches and happiness on your shores, and I haven't given you much time, have I? But soon we will come over and stay, and then you must pour them, please, into my lap.





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VOGUE COVERS THE COUNTRY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16d)

New York State

• Up in the "Alps" around Placid, one's mind turns to winter sports. A. G. Spalding and Brothers' shop at the Lake Placid Club has Norwegian accessories that will make even the most amateurish ski runner at least *look* like a professional: knitted caps, mittens, gloves, and vests, with beautiful patterns embroidered on or woven in, hand-woven bands in bright colours, to wear as belts or ankle bands, and woven scarfs. (Gloves and mittens cost from about $2.50 to $6 a pair, scarfs about $3.) These things are all made by the Husfliden organization, in Norway, mostly by peasant labour. The Spalding HZH Hooded Jacket, for bob-sledding, is a native Placid product, par excellence, that would wish a body a warm Merry Christmas.

The Roycrofters Shops, at East Aurora—the guild that Elbert Hubbard founded, thirty-nine years ago, and is now presided over by Elbert Hubbard II.—specializes in fine printing, beautiful bookbinding, hand-modelled leather, and hand-hammered copper. The Roycroft copperwork, made from original designs, can be had in beautiful fruit and flower bowls, candlesticks, book-ends, trays, desk sets, and also in lamps with hand-made leaded glass shades. The Roycrofters make a modern Sheffield—sterling silver over copper—in the same designs as the hammered copper pieces. In the Book Bindery is a Book Hospital for repairing and remodelling treasured tomes—Christmas idea for the bibliophile on your list.

New Jersey

• If you like sausage, and are particular about it, you'll probably agree that it's hard to find any that's better or more delicately flavoured than that made by W. L. Smalley and Company, Park Avenue at Fifth Street, in Plainfield. Mr. Smalley follows an old family recipe that no one else knows, and people who once become addicted to his sausage just can't resist having it sent to them, no matter where they may be, winter or summer. Mr. Smalley will send you this product in any amount that you want, from one pound to fifty (for about forty cents a pound; or thirty-five cents a pound for ten pounds and over).

The Tenafly Weavers, in Closter, New Jersey, are known all over the country for their beautiful hand-weaving. They're members of Mary M. Atwater's Shuttle-Craft Guild, which is doing so much to revive the old handcrafts of America. Besides the handbags, knitting bags, throws, and baby blankets for which the Tenafly Weavers are known from coast to coast, they will also make materials in linen, cotton, or woollen, to your own order, and in any colour you want. They claim to have the only seventy-two-inch handloom in this country.

No mention could be made of New Jersey without including Trenton, the home of Lenox. Through excellence of design and materials, Lenox porcelain grew from an unknown one-man industry to have a high national reputation. Lenox belleek after-dinner coffee-cups, looking like rich white tulips (about $32 a dozen) are a gift that will delight their owner and seem to give even the richest drip a smoother flavour.

Pennsylvania

• Scrapple is as typical of Pennsylvania as maple sugar is of Vermont and clam bakes are of Rhode Island. Even if you don't live in that State, you can probably find scrapple at your own market. But, if you prefer a Pennsylvania post-mark on the package, you can send to A. Darlington Strode, Reading Terminal Market, Twelfth and Market Streets, in Philadelphia.

Around the Pennsylvania Dutch country, one sees sunbonnets and gaily embroidered aprons, and quilts of patchwork. And if you write to Mrs. Mary Seid, at Steinsville, she'll get you any amount of patchwork quilts and sunbonnets.

The New Hope Art Colony, at New Hope, does a great many lovely things besides landscape paintings: Mr. and Mrs. Don Davenport weave rugs on Pennsylvania Dutch looms that are over two hundred years old, after original floral or geometric designs, using hand-dyed materials. Their work is as beautiful as it is unusual. The Gothic Shop, there, makes ornamental wrought iron, forge welded like old-fashioned ironwork. Grills, gates, and screens are made to your own order. This shop also has beautifully carved and painted chests.

In Bethlehem, you can get delicious Moravian Mints from Agnes M. Weinland, of the "Bell House," 56 West Church Street, for about sixty cents a pound. From one of the oldest drug stores in the United States, Simon Rau and Company, 420 Main Street, you can get the special Christmas candles that are used in the Moravian services. These candles are hand-made of pure beeswax and are five and a half inches high and half an inch thick. They cost about five cents each. According to the Moravian custom, these aromatic, lighted candles are given and used at the Moravian Christmas Eve love-feast.

Heading West

• Rookwood Pottery, made in Cincinnati, Ohio, is, of course, another small but important institution that mustn't be omitted when we try to cover the country. Only twenty artists are at work there, and they turn out some heavenly beautiful designs. A dozen artist-signed Rookwood dinner-plates, would please any discriminating hostess.

In Geauga County, Ohio—more specifically, in the town of Chardon—there's a maple festival every year, early in April, and people from miles around come to it to taste the fresh maple syrup and inhale the rich fragrance of boiling sap and cool spring air—a mixture like nothing else on earth. A. B. Carlson, of Chardon, can fill your orders for syrup (about $2 a gallon), or sugar (about sixty cents a pound).

• Marie D. Webster, in Marion, Indiana, has an idea on how to start your own hand- (Continued on page 91)



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VOGUE COVERS THE COUNTRY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90)

craft industry. What Mrs. Webster does is this: she sends you a quilt in its primitive state, with background stamped with pattern, and appliqué pieces all ready to cut out and sew on. Or, you can get your quilt in various advanced stages. Just stamped, the prices are about $10 a quilt; basted, about $35; and finished, quilting and all, about $75.

In Nashville, Indiana, the Brown County Folks advertise "good things made by hand." Abigail Dolls are some of their "good things," fascinating creatures of broadcloth, dressed like the people of Brown County a hundred years ago. Little girl dolls (about $3.50) have flaxen braids, sunbonnets, and aprons. Mrs. R. W. Sperry, one of the Brown County Folks, sells them.

• At Des Plaines, Illinois, some more dolls make their home. June Jordan, of 1099 Jeannette Avenue, is their creator and models them after live people, from merest infants on up to grandmothers and story-book people in proper costume. Miss Jordan makes the dolls of practically any material, and she also makes marionettes. The prices range from about $5 to $75.

One of the most fascinating shops in the country is named The Little Traveler, and is in Geneva, Illinois. It's in an old home, and each room is really a separate little shop with things from every land, so that a tour from one room to the next is just about equal to a world cruise. One of the specialties of this shop is the refurnishing of old Geneva houses in keeping with Geneva traditions.

• Wisconsin is a cheese state, and, as well as completely American cheeses, several different "foreign" cheeses are made there. You can get Italian cheeses known all over the country as Stella cheese, made by an Italian colony in Lake Nebagamon. Parmesan and Asiago are particularly fine Stella cheeses. Asiago has a rich, nut-like flavour and is fine for grating. You can get special Christmas boxes of Camembert, Brie, and Liedertafel, from Behle Brothers, in Rolling Prairie; and dated American cheese from Steve Suidzinski, in Denmark, Wisconsin.

• Mr. J. E. Strauss, who is famous for the wonderful speed, hockey, and figure skates he makes, lives in Saint Paul, Minnesota. Strauss skates, all made by hand, are of special English steel, tempered to a remarkable hardness and strength by a process that is Mr. Strauss's own. Strauss skates have accompanied figure-skating champions all over the world. Mr. Strauss makes skates to order, for about $15 and $18.

• Last-minute suggestion from South Carolina: The Corner Book Store, in Camden, will send, post-paid, bundles of Carolina fat kindling wood, all wrapped up with holly, mistletoe, and smilax. Carolina fat wood is a particularly resinous pine, and a few chips of it will swiftly start a grand fire. A five-pound bundle costs about a dollar. Or, packed in a Carolina split-oak basket, the price is about $1.40. This shop will also send you Southern Christmas evergreens for about $3 to $5.

Femininity as portrayed in smart shoes



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For your Vanity

130. HELENA RUBINSTEIN. "Beauty in the Making"—a comprehensive booklet giving special treatments for the skin, and descriptions of these preparations. HELENA RUBINSTEIN, 8 EAST 57TH STREET, NEW YORK.

131. DOROTHY GRAY. "Your Dowry of Beauty" is a free booklet describing these preparations and their uses. DOROTHY GRAY, 683 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

132. MARIE EARLE. "Understanding Your Skin" explains how to use Marie Earle beauty preparations at home, and contains a chart for correct make-up for individual types. MARIE EARLE, 711 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

133. ROSE LAIRD offers, on request, the booklet, "This Way to Loveliness", that gives not only excellent information for caring for your skin, hair and hands, but is illustrated with little sketches so that you can easily follow the directions. ROSE LAIRD, 785 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

134. ELIZABETH ARDEN. "The Quest of the Beautiful"—a booklet describing the Arden preparations and their uses. ELIZABETH ARDEN, 691 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

135. HARRIET HUBBARD AYER has prepared a practical booklet, "Beauty Under Twenty," that gives the essentials for the care of the skin, hair and hands, with "Do's" and "Don'ts" that help to create an attractive appearance. HARRIET HUBBARD AYER, 323 EAST 34TH STREET, NEW YORK.

136. KATHLEEN MARY QUINLAN offers, free on request, excellent little booklets that tell you about these beauty preparations and give complete directions for home use. KATHLEEN MARY QUINLAN, 655 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

137. POND'S. Sample of cold cream and samples of 3 other beauty aids—indicate if you prefer 3 different light shades *or* 3 different dark shades of powder. Send 10c in stamps for mailing. POND'S EXTRACT CO., 56 HUDSON STREET, NEW YORK.

138. PRIMROSE HOUSE. Booklet, "Here Dwells Youth", describes Primrose House preparations and gives complete directions for home treatments. PRIMROSE HOUSE, 595 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

For your Household

139. CANNON TOWELS. The makers of these quality towels have prepared an excellent little booklet, "10 kinds of baths". It gives practical information about restorative baths, and is attractively illustrated with colour sketches. A copy will be mailed to you on request. CANNON MILLS, INC., 70 WORTH STREET, NEW YORK.

140. KENWOOD BLANKETS. "Your Blankets, Their Selection and Care"—a booklet specially prepared to help you in choosing and caring for your blankets. A copy will be sent to you, on request. KENWOOD MILLS, EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, NEW YORK.

For your Wardrobe

141. FIRESTONE "RAINBEAUS"—the rainy day footwear that is twin-styled to match the season's shoes. New style booklet, "Fair and Warmer", sent on request. DEPT. V-2, FIRESTONE RUBBER CO., HUDSON, MASS.

142. SHOECRAFT—fitting the narrow foot and heel. Sizes to 11. Widths AAAAA to C. Style folder sent on request. SHOECRAFT, 714 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

143. MATRIX SHOES—with the patented moulded sole. New Fashion Announcement and name of your nearest dealer, on request. E. P. REED & CO., ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.

144. RED CROSS SHOES for foot-freedom and foot-beauty. New style booklet sent on request. THE UNITED STATES SHOE CORPORATION, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

145. FOOT SAVER SHOES—shaped on "free walking" lasts to fit the foot in motion. Free booklet of New Footwear Fashions, and name of your nearest dealer sent on request. THE JULIAN & KOKENGE CO., 28 WEST MAIN STREET, COLUMBUS, OHIO.

146. "FLEXEES". Foundation garments of Lastex, featuring "Twin-Control". Free style booklet sent on request. ARTISTIC BRASSIÈRE COMPANY, INC., 37 WEST 37TH STREET, NEW YORK.

147. PERFOLASTIC Reducing Girdle and Brassière. Free booklet describing these garments, sample of perforated rubber and details of 10-day free trial offer. PERFOLASTIC, INC., DEPT. 7411, 41 EAST 42ND STREET, NEW YORK.

148. MAIDEN FORM BRASSIÈRES. Style booklet sent on request. MAIDEN FORM BRASSIÈRE COMPANY, 245 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

149. "BELLE-SHARMEER" STOCKINGS, fashioned to fit your leg, as well as your foot size. Name of your nearest dealer on request. WAYNE KNITTING MILLS, FORT WAYNE, INDIANA.

150. "KNEE-HIGH" (Holeproof Hosiery), a stocking that reaches just to the knee; made with knit-in Lastex garter. If your favourite store has not yet shown "Knee-High", write giving the store's name. HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.

For your Vacation

151. HAWAII. Free informative booklet, "Nearby Hawaii", sent on request. For a larger book illustrated with maps and pictures in colour, send 10c for mailing. HAWAII TOURIST BUREAU, SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

152. OSHKOSH TRUNKS AND LUGGAGE. Booklet, "Luggage Prescriptions", sent on request. OSHKOSH TRUNKS, INC., 10 EAST 34TH STREET, NEW YORK.

153. GOING WEST? Southern Pacific have booklets describing trips that will help you plan that winter vacation. Copies of "Guest Ranches", "Southern California Desert Resorts", "Carlsbad Caverns", sent on request. O. P. BARTLETT, DEPT. T-11, 310 SO. MICHIGAN BLVD., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

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SOCIETY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 89)

ENGAGEMENTS

NEW YORK

Forrest-McNutt—Miss Sylvia Forrest, daughter of the late Thomas Edwin Forrest and Mrs. Forrest, of New York, to Mr. Albert Hugh McNutt, son of the late Lewis M. McNutt and Mrs. McNutt, of Brazil, Indiana.

Morris-MacDonald—Miss Leta Morris, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Gouverneur Morris, of New York and "Malbone," Newport, Rhode Island, to Mr. Byrnes MacDonald, son of Mr. George MacDonald, of New York.

O'Brien-Kenny—Miss Katherine Mathews O'Brien, daughter of Mr. Thomas Dudley O'Brien and niece of Mrs. Francis G. Stuart, to Mr. Thomas Augustus Kenny, son of Mr. and Mrs. William F. Kenny.

FALL RIVER

Williams-Potter—Miss Marjorie Horton Williams, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Williams, of Fall River, Massachusetts, and Little Compton, Rhode Island, to Mr. William Henry Potter, son of Dr. L. Forrest Potter and Mrs. Potter, of New Bedford, Massachusetts.

KANSAS CITY

Austin-Sawyer—Miss Virginia Anne Austin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Albert Austin, to Mr. Joseph Neal Sawyer, of Holland, Michigan, son of Mr. Joseph Sawyer, of Kansas City, Missouri.

LONDON, ENGLAND

Berry-Furneaux-Smith—The Hon. Sheila Berry, daughter of Lord and Lady Camrose, to the Earl of Birkenhead (Frederick Winston Furneaux-Smith), son of the late Lord Birkenhead.

PHILADELPHIA

Penrose-Cadwalader—Miss Beatrice d'Este Penrose, daughter of Mrs. d'Este Penrose, of Chestnut Hill, Pennsylvania, to Mr. John Cadwalader, son of the late John Cadwalader and Mrs. Cadwalader, junior, of Philadelphia and Broad Axe, Pennsylvania.

WATERBURY

Driggs-Hunt—Miss Ann Driggs, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Ives Driggs, to Mr. Edwin Sumner Hunt, junior, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Sumner Hunt.

WEDDINGS

NEW YORK

Paepcke-Jones—On October 19, Mr. Ernst-Erich Paepcke, son of Mr. Paul Paepcke, of Wismar, Germany, and Miss Eleanor Robertson Jones, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Robertson Jones, of New York and Lakeville, Connecticut.

BOSTON

Proctor-Stearns—On October 20, in the Leslie Lindsey Chapel, Mr. George Newton Proctor, third, and Miss Rose Gordon Stearns, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jenkins.

BRONXVILLE

Moore-Hamilton—On October 26, in the Reformed Church, Bronxville, New York, Mr. David Channing Moore, third, son of Mrs. T. Channing Moore, and Miss Harriet Hamilton, daughter of Mr. Rolland Jerome Hamilton.

Ruston-Hamilton—On October 26, in the Reformed Church, Bronxville, New York, Mr. Perry Lounsbery Ruston, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ruston, and Miss Virginia Marilyn Hamilton, daughter of Mr. Rolland Jerome Hamilton.

CHARLESTON, WEST VIRGINIA

Kelly-Chilton—On October 9, Mr. Lowry Stuart Kelly, son of Mr. and Mrs. James M. Kelly, of Wytheville, Virginia, and Miss Dolly Madison Chilton, daughter of Mrs. George O. Chilton.

CHICAGO

Crouse-Bunting—On October 20, in the Church of the Holy Spirit, Lake Forest, Illinois, Mr. Cecil Idell Crouse, of Chicago, son of William H. Crouse, of Germantown, Pennsylvania, to Miss Elisabeth van de Velde Bunting, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Stanhope Bunting.

FALL RIVER

Sherman-Durfee—On October 12, Mr. Laurence Russell Sherman, of Fall River, Massachusetts, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arnst C. Sherman, of Chattanooga, Tennessee, and Miss Virginia Churchman Durfee, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Greene Durfee, of Fall River.

KANSAS CITY

Larkin-Askew—On October 27, Mr. William H. Larkin, son of Mr. and Mrs. John J. Larkin, of St. Louis, Missouri, to Miss Frances Marion Askew, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Kirk Askew.

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

Campbell-Atkinson—Mr. John R. Campbell, of Ithaca, New York, son of Mr. and Mrs. John L. Campbell, of Brockton, New York, and Miss Ruth Atkinson, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Ira E. Atkinson, of Lincoln, Nebraska.

LITTLE ROCK

Aymar-Brack—On November 28, Mr. John Van Beuren Aymar, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Brandt Aymar, of Bronxville, New York, and Miss Mary Elizabeth Brack, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elbert Brack, of Little Rock, Arkansas.

LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA

Baber-Miller—On October 6, Mr. Charles Baber, son of the late Mr. John Baber and Mrs. Baber, to Miss Lucy Harrison Miller, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Patton Miller.

OKLAHOMA CITY

Ames-Turner—On November 5, in the First Presbyterian Church, Mr. Fisher Ames, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Ames, to Miss Jewell Turner, daughter of Mrs. Guy Turner.

Pottenger-McVay—On October 18, in the First Presbyterian Church, Lieutenant Charles Hoffman Pottenger, U. S. A., to Miss Elizabeth Dail McVay, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Harold McVay.

PHILADELPHIA

Wright-Dorrance—On October 18, Mr. William Coxe Wright, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Townsend Wright, of St. Davids, Pennsylvania, and Miss Charlotte Kelsey Dorrance, daughter of Mrs. John T. Dorrance, of Radnor, Pennsylvania.

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

Thomas-Tillery—On November 17, in the Church of the Good Shepherd, Mr. James Elvey Thomas, to Miss Martha Elizabeth Tillery, daughter of Mrs. Paul Allen Tillery.

SAINT LOUIS

Gray-Meier—On October 20, in the Chapel of the Church of Saint Michael and Saint George, Mr. William A. Gray, son of Mrs. Georgie Young Gray, of Saint Louis, Missouri, and of Mr. Cabell Gray, and Miss Jane Penn Meier, daughter of Mrs. Adolphus Meier, of Sleepy Hollow, Missouri.

SAN ANTONIO

Holshouser-Savage—On October 6, in Saint Marks Episcopal Church, Dr. Charles Augustus Holshouser, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Holshouser, of Salisbury, North Carolina, to Miss Ella Savage, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Hamilton Savage, of San Antonio.

McKnight-Terrell—On October 10, in Saint Marks Episcopal Church, Mr. Felix Roy McKnight, of Dallas, to Miss Elizabeth Bell Terrell, daughter of Mr. Marshall W. Terrell, of San Antonio.

Winslow-Houston—On October 12, Mr. Frank D. Winslow, of Houston, to Mrs. Katherine Georgeanna Houston, daughter of Mrs. George Littlefield Houston, of San Antonio.

SHORT HILLS

Mathiasen-Harnsberger—On October 18, in Christ Episcopal Church, Mr. Alan Christian Mathiasen, son of Mr. William Mathiasen, and Miss Sally Jackson Harnsberger, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stephen Harnsberger, of Short Hills, New Jersey.

SYRACUSE

Glenn-Trout—On October 25, in Saint Paul's Episcopal Church, Syracuse, New York, Mr. John A. Glenn, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Glenn, of Hempstead, Long Island, and Miss Elizabeth S. Trout, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry W. Trout, of Syracuse.

WINNIPEG, CANADA

Busby-Grundy—On October 6, in All Saints' Church, Mr. William Herbert Busby, son of Mr. John Busby, of Milltown, New Brunswick, and Miss Helen Platt Grundy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Platt Grundy.

Connacher-Russell—On October 10, Mr. Nathaniel Connacher and Miss Helen Russell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William C. Russell.

Eggleston-Andrews—On October 6, in Saint George's Church, Mr. Kenton Chalmers Eggleston, son of Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Eggleston, and Miss Elizabeth Andrews, daughter of Mr. Fletcher Andrews.

Travers-Wilson—On October 10, Mr. Robert Graham Travers and Miss Hazel Wilson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Wilson.

NEW YORK

Miss Benjamin's Dances—Junior Get Together Dance, at the Ritz-Carlton, on December 22; Senior Get Together Dance, at the Ritz-Carlton, on December 27.

One of the famous GRACE "Santa" liners passing thru BOCACHICA CHANNEL, entrance to CARTAGENA Harbor, between the ancient fortresses of "San Fernando" and "San Jose." In buccaneering days heavy chains were stretched between these forts to prevent pirates from pillaging the wealthy Spanish city of CARTAGENA, the oldest walled city in South America. Photographed in natural color by Henry Clay Gipson.

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